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GONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Close, heart,
Upon the merry, laughing world!
That which made thy day
Now is ta'en away;
That which brought thee light
Lieth now in night;
Close, heart, there cometh no more light!

Close, heart,
That once she only stirred and filled!
With her shining head,
Every grace hath fled;
With her eyes of blue
Every drop of dew;
Close, heart, thy freshness now is dead!

Close, heart,
Over her image graven there!
Shut thy picture in—
Saint in shadow dim;
Close, till it shall lie
Only for thine eye:
Close, heart, above her upturned face!

Close, heart,
Never to open any more!
That which made thee ope,
That which bid thee hope,
Hath no power to thrill—
Lieth silent, still;
Close, heart, to all forevermore!

Close, heart,
Thy little day of bloom is o'er!
Close o'er sweets now shed;
Close o'er beauty dead;
Close with memory
Only left to thee:
Close, heart, nor bloom forevermore!

TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE WE WERE.

"You know those old pantaloons you threw into the closet the other day, Ned?"

"Yes, but what of them? The old-clothes man would not take them as a gift, and we certainly cannot breakfast on a pair of worn-out trowsers!"

"That is unfortunately true, but you don't understand me. It is possible (mind! I don't pretend to allege that it is probable) that there is a stray quarter in one of the pockets. I have known such things to happen. I remember once, at a time of unusual financial pressure, I was overhauling an old vest, and came plump upon a dollar-bill stowed away in the corner of the left-hand pocket—a place, by the by, where I seldom deposit my funds—and the lucky find set me going again as comfortable as could be."

It was a brilliant idea, and proved conclusively that Mr. Tom Dingleby was a man for emergencies. I sprung from the bed, and in an instant the venerable inexpressibles were disinterred from the tomb to which I had consigned them, and I was eagerly searching through the pockets, but to no purpose. There was no *quarter* in any of them, not even a postage stamp.

"I might have known that nothing in the shape or semblance of money could remain concealed in any of my garments," I said moodily, as I threw them aside. "What are we to do, Tom?"

"It is impossible to answer a question of such grave import upon a moment's notice. I must take time to consider it in all its bearings," Tom observed complacently, clasping his hands beneath his head as he lay extended on his back, and in that comfortable attitude seemed to fall into a most profound and placid reverie, while I picked up the articles of my ordinary attire one by one from the chair where they had been reposing since the preceding night, and made my morning toilet.

It was not a cheerful prospect upon which the physical or mental vision of my friend and myself looked out that memorable morning. It rained—worse than that, it poured as though the flood-gates up above had got out of repair, and the whole celestial mill-pond was running away; a miserable, damp chill, that made the teeth chatter, pervaded the atmosphere; the wind of autumn, sad and sighing, as though Nature was feeling melancholy over the absence of the soft breath and sweet perfumes of departed summer, came roaring and screaming round the angle of our block playing funeral dirges and the devil among the chimneys and battlements of the adjoining buildings, which our lofty chamber immediately overlooked.

The room itself was not luxurious. Its dimensions might have been eight feet by twelve, and its contents consisted of a narrow bed, which was a tight fit for two fellows of our size, a miniature stove, an old trunk, an ancient writing-table, a couple of chairs, and a big cupboard, the latter as destitute at that moment of provisions as was the celebrated Mrs. Hubbard's on that historic occasion when, in the goodness of her heart, she sought a fitting entertainment for her canine favorite.

But the room, such as it was, contained the entire worldly wealth of the two young gentlemen who at that moment honored it with their presence, and were striving to solve the important problem of how and from whence breakfast was to be obtained.

Of course we were literary men—the reader has surmised as much if he has ordinary intelligence—and we were working out our vein after the time-honored fashion in a city garret, paying very little attention to the present, which, if the truth must be told, had very little in it worth paying attention to, and solacing ourselves with telescopic views of the future which, by some inexplicable hocus-pocus, was to by-and-by compensate us for all the weary waiting that then separated us from its fairy shore.

Nominally we were *attachees* of the Press—that is, we belonged to the army of "Special Reporters," and it was our custom to appear at the offices of the city dailies at certain hours; and if there chanced to be an unusual amount of labor required on the City Department, or some regular employee was indisposed or absent, our services were in requisition; and if we were fortunate enough to pick up an item of interesting news that had escaped the lynx eyes of our ubiquitous cotemporaries, we obtained for it whatever our friends, the city editors, were pleased to consider it worth, but this, as may be supposed, was but a precarious source of revenue, and by far the larger part of our time we were at liberty to employ our talents in our own way, and we knew no way but to follow some of the paths that tortuously wind through the great newspaper world.

My friend Tom, who was of a contemplative turn of mind, finding by experience that miscellaneous literary labor brought but small profit to men unknown to fame, came to the philosophical determination to spare his strength until the advent of that devoutly to be wished for period when he should be famous himself, and passed most of his abundant leisure extended upon his back, with his hands beneath his head, weaving fancy sketches, with which he averred he was perfectly ready to amuse and improve the world the moment that planet awoke to its own interest, and evinced a willingness to return a fair equivalent for the same in prosaic dollars and cents.

I was not gifted with my friend's brilliant imagination, but I possessed the element of patient toil, and while he dreamed, I labored steadily, but, alas! to little purpose. In the intervals of time which I could spare from the newspaper work that fell in my way, and the composition of little sketches for which I received enough to keep the wolf from too close familiarity with my door, I had written a novel—it had cost me dear—with weary hand and throbbing brain, I had toiled over its pages, writing and re-writing them hours when I should have been asleep. The heroine I had sketched or idealized from a dazzling vision of girlish beauty, that blessed my gaze for one happy moment as I lingered all absorbed in the Academy of Design, hungering and athirst for the beautiful, and seeing spread before me such a soul feast, that I knew not where to begin. It was only for a moment that I saw her, and then she disappeared in the crowd; and when I recovered from the spell she had all unconsciously thrown around me, she was gone and lost to me forever. I haunted the place for weeks, spending there the time and money I could ill afford, but I saw her no more. She had furnished me with an inspiration, however, and I labored faithfully. I threw my whole soul into my work, and when it was completed I felt that I had done well, and with a light heart I took it to a publisher.

To the poor friendless writer who has stood in the presence of those imperious autocrats, so deferential to the fortunate upon whom the public has passed a favorable verdict, so coldly reserved to those who are yet to stand trial before the same august tribunal, I need not narrate how my bright hopes faded. Fade they did, into thin air, until, sick at heart and thoroughly discouraged, I left my manuscript, now dingy, battered, and bearing about it the unmistakeable marks of an old campaigner, at the well-known publishing house of Fairplay & Tallboy, with a vague promise from the junior member of the firm, to whom I stated my business, that he would throw an eye over it in the course of a month or two, though really they had so much on hand that he could offer me very little encouragement that the house would be able to take hold of it. Tight Squeeze & Co. were doing a good deal in that line. Hadn't I better hand it to them?

I declined to act upon the latter hint, and went my way, fully resolved to trouble myself no more about the matter, and to this resolution I faithfully adhered.

Six months had passed, and the manuscript was still snugly ensconced in the iron safe of the great firm, who had long ago forgotten its existence and mine.

But to return to the morning in question.

"Ned," observed my companion, just as I had completed my toilet, "I really don't see our way clear for breakfast. I have a moral objection to credit when I have no immediate prospect of discharging the obligation—that is, supposing this was the millenium, and the lamb and the lion, which is a figurative expression, meaning needy debtors and opulent creditors, were comfortably cheek by jowl. Then, on the other hand, I have a constitutional objection to going hungry, and hold that he who unnecessarily fails to supply the wants of the inner man is a traitor to himself, which is the most unjustifiable species of treason. Now, you might, if the idea struck you favorably, get up a row on the street, and give me an opportunity of reporting it for the evening papers. The account of such a row as a man of your ability might get up if he gave his mind to it, would be worth a '*five*' at the least calculation. And just reflect, Ned, what a breakfast that would purchase."

"An excellent idea, no doubt; but as I should probably be in the hands of the police within a very brief period, I am fearful it would not benefit *me* particularly."

"There is some reason in the suggestion, Ned, though you forget that it is contrary to the usages of polite society to starve prisoners to death who are arrested for disturbing the peace. The Tombs is not a cheerful place, but, my word for it, if you could manage to get yourself taken there, you might calculate with absolute certainty upon something digestible in the course of the day. I am inclined to urge my proposition of a row; it presents numerous advantages. But wait a moment—a new idea strikes me. Where's that manuscript of yours?"

"Not here," I answered decisively; "and if it were, we could not sell it."

"I don't suppose we could. I really don't, because, for some strange reason, both you and I are entirely unknown to fame, and you might as well try to sell last year's cucumbers, and call them fresh, as to dispose of a novel that wasn't written by a famous man. Deuced queer state of things, yet so it is. However, Ned, it is possible we might pawn it for some such trifle as fifty cents."

"I would starve before I would do that," I said bitterly, "but leaving all feeling out of the question, who would take in pledge what could not be sold at any price?"

"There does seem to be an objection, and, on the whole, this breakfast problem is too many for me. I'll woo 'Nature's sweet restorer,'—Hello! what's that? As I live, some enterprising explorer is actually ascending the stairs that connect our attic with the mundane sphere!"

Footsteps were certainly approaching our dormitory, an event of such unusual occurrence, that we were justified in feeling, as we did, some curiosity as to whom our prospective visitor might be. The mystery was soon explained when I opened the door responsive to a sounding rap, and discovered standing in the passage a large-nosed gentleman, who occupied the first floor and retailed sausages, in relation to which we had always entertained the most horrible suspicions as to the carniverous inhabitants who dwelt in that vicinity.

"Letter for Mr. Tom," said our larged-nosed friend, holding forth a missive.

"A letter for me!" echoed Tom, springing to his feet. "Who should write to me, I wonder? I owe no tailors' bills. Who brought it, my friend?"

"Postman," was the laconic response, and thereupon the messenger, who never made use of more words than were necessary, perhaps for the reason that he was supplied with a very indifferent assortment, turned upon his heel and left us, while Tom, having leisurely opened his letter, and possessed himself of its contents, folded it up again, and whistled in a manner expressive of astonishment in the superlative degree.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, after waiting a suitable length of time for my friend to voluntarily explain himself.

"A very extraordinary, not to say providential circumstance, Ned! Upon my word, I don't understand it. Here's an old uncle of mine, Major Garius, of whom you have heard me speak, who, after affectionately ignoring my existence for the last five years, all of a sudden writes me in this gracious wise."

MY DEAR BOY:—

Can't you make it in your way to run up to my place and spend a month? Capital shooting hereabouts. And if you could bring a friend along, a wide-awake, lively fellow who is a good shot, to keep us company, so much the better. Your Aunt Charity is well, and sends love.

Truly yours,
PETER GARIUS.

P. S.—Thinking your funds may be rather low, (you newspaper fellows are such extravagant dogs,) I enclose my check for one hundred dollars. P. G.

P. P. S.—That was a famous article of yours in the Scribe and Pharisee, on the Administration. It expressed precisely the views I have always entertained. P. G.

P. P. P. S.—Don't bother about bringing guns. I have lots of them. And now I am through with this confounded letter. P. G.

"A singular letter, certainly," I said when the reading of the epistle was concluded; but the dear old gentleman could not have hit upon a more fitting occasion to remember you."

"Your remark is obviously correct, Ned; but what is this respected relative of mine up to, that he asks me to visit him, and sends me a check for a hundred dollars?"

I made some general observations to the effect that natural affection had been known to bring about similar results among near relations before, but Tom cut me short.

"All nonsense, Ned. He has some project in his head that he expects me to assist in carrying out; and as there is really nothing urgent in the way of business to keep me in town, I have no objection to giving the old gentleman the benefit of my society for the time he specifies, or even for a longer period. He lives like a prince. By the way, you shoot, of course?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Excellent! Nothing could be better; and I am more than ever convinced that this is a special interposition of Providence. He wants me to bring a friend, and I'll take you. We'll take the afternoon train for Raven Dell. And now to cash the check and get breakfast."

CHAPTER II.

WHERE WE WENT.

About nine o'clock that same evening Mr. Dinglebly and myself alighted from the cars at an unpretending station on the Erie railway, a few hours ride from New York.

So far as appearances went, it might have been a thousand miles from any civilized place, at least a more thoroughly wild and savage region it would be difficult to find anywhere.

Hills almost big enough to be denominated mountains, and bristling with the most misshapen, nondescript rocks, were jumbled together in every direction, covered with stunted forest trees that looked as though they were half inclined to give up trying to be trees, and be content in future with the unpretending sphere of bushes, while down through one jagged valley a small but desperately noisy stream made its way rushing and foaming over, under, and round about numerous obstacles, until it tumbled down a precipice into another and darker vale, and disappeared from our vision.

Besides the station-house, there were perhaps a dozen buildings nestling comfortably like eggs in a nest, in a wild gorge between two of the hills, and towards one of these, which we learned from one of the depot officials was a house of public entertainment, we made our way, thinking to tarry there for the remainder of the night, and procure a conveyance to Raven Dell, something like three miles distant, in the morning.

We had scarcely reached the low piazza, however, that fronted one side of the little hostel, when we were met by a bulbous old gentleman, whose face was suggestive of old port and madeira, and conveyed the farther expression that he was not unfamiliar with good dinners, who grasped my companion by the hand warmly, and exclaimed in a voice that was almost a dinner of itself, it was so rich and hearty, "God bless my soul, Tom, I am glad to see you, and looking so remarkably well too; and this, I suppose, is the friend you brought along with you. Very good natured and considerate of you, Tom, I'm sure. How d'ye do, sir, how d'ye do?" and thereupon the old gentleman shook hands with me in such an extraordinarily friendly way, that I began to wonder if I had not unexpectedly conferred a favor of no trifling magnitude by allowing him an opportunity of forming my acquaintance.

"Well, it's really a pleasure to see you, uncle," Tom said, as soon as the other gave him an opportunity to speak. "It was difficult, exceedingly so, for us to leave our business just at this time, but your invitation was so uncommonly warm, that I could not find it in my heart to decline it; so here I am, and this is my bosom friend, Ned Mayburn, the best of good fellows."

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Mayburn," continued Major Garius, who forthwith shook hands with me again, and having inquired in the next breath if I was a rifle shot, and received an affirmative answer, shook hands with me once more, and then marshalled us into the house, and a private room, where a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and a round table drawn up before it, whereon were arrayed materials for replenishing the exhausted inner man.

"You see I had a sort of presentiment you would be along to-night, boys," the major began, complacently surveying these cozy arrangements. "I call you boys, because it comes natural, and makes it seem as though we were all acquainted—and so I made a little preparation, thinking you might find some refreshment acceptable after the fatigue of your journey. What'll you drink? Here's almost everything in the way of liquid comforts," and in order that we might not hesitate for want of example, Major Garius filled a stupendous glass and tossed it off with evident satisfaction.

"Your forethought touches me deeply," Tom responded, affecting to use his handkerchief, "and though my friend and myself would not by any means wish to fail in paying due respect to your hospitality, we have both joined the temperance cause, and really—"

"Temperance cause be— I beg pardon, I came very near making use of a very naughty word, but don't mention absurdities to an old soldier of the last war—it puts me out of temper, it really does;" and by way of reinforcing his mental equipoise, the major filled and drained his glass again, and then in a peremptory, determined manner which would have silenced our scruples if we had had any, filled our glasses from a bottle of capital sherry, and we promptly emptied them, whereat he smiled approvingly.

"Now, boys," he went on, "there is the provender, and you must have the appetites of wolves. Do oblige me by satisfying them at once, while I let you into a little secret. You are both plucky chaps, I should say, judging from appearances simply."

"Celebrated for it, both of us," Tom said, with a preparatory flourish of the carving-knife.

"Yes, I should say you were—no doubt at all about it. Well, (you'll find that broiled chicken done to a turn,) I may stand in need of a little assistance from you. I am a single man, Mr. Ned, and always was. It runs in the family I believe. My sister Charity, who is a fine woman, excepting perhaps a little imperfection of temper, is also single; and we have got along so comfortably together, these fifty years, that it would be the most ridiculous thing in the world for either of us to think of getting married, at this late day. Now don't you think it would?"

"It would be absolute madness, uncle," said Tom, solemnly. "Go on, I am astonishingly interested."

"Well, to proceed," continued the major, dropping his voice to a confidential tone, "looking at the matter in the rational light that I do, I was a good deal put out—I don't mind admitting it—when a week ago the Widow Highwines, whose mother used to be a particular friend of sister Charity's, came up from the city to make us a visit, which I should think might be as likely to last all winter as a shorter time, for the poor thing hasn't a relative upon earth since her husband got blown up in a steam explosion at San Francisco, two years ago, leaving her a good bit of money, but very lonesome, I dare say. Now I can't tell her to be off—that wouldn't be hospitable or Christian like, and I hope I'm a Christian—at least I rent the best pew in Parson Towsalton's church, and always attend preparatory lecture, besides going to meeting twice a day on Sunday—but on the other hand, if she *should* take the notion into her head to marry me, why it would be—"

"Dreadful," observed Tom, seeing the major hesitated for a word.

"I believe you—it would be dreadful and nothing less, at my time of life, and I've heard that widows can do almost anything they've a mind to."

"There isn't the slightest ground for controversy on that point, uncle—in fact, it's admitted by all respectable authorities that they're perfect witches."

"Then if she *has* come up here to marry me," said the major, with manifest uneasiness.

"You may consider yourself as good as gone," said Tom, oracularly.

"And you can't see any way out of the scrape," continued the major, in unaffected consternation.

"I don't know, uncle—it's a hard case—most uncommonly so. How old is she?"

"I should say thirty in round numbers."

"Good looking?"

"Well, yes, Tom, I must admit I think she would be called that."

"And has some property of her own?"

"A trifle, four or five thousand, or some such matter."

"Enough said, my dear sir. To save you from the toils of this designing female, I'll marry her myself."

"Tom, are you serious?" exclaimed the major, earnestly.

"Serious as a judge. It's my duty to make the sacrifice, and I'll do it."

"You're a trump, Tom—a regular trump, and if you really do marry this widow out of my way, I'll make a will in your favor on the day of your marriage, and pledge you my word of honor never to alter it."

"It's a bargain, sir, and you may consider the widow Mrs. Dingleby, from this time forth. As a matter of form I'll mention it to her in the morning, so that she'll understand that you're to be let alone."

"Ah! if you'd only been my son, Tom, you're such a dutiful chap," cried the delighted major, once more filling his glass. "Here's to the compact, and then for home."

In a few moments the carriage was announced to be in readiness, and into it we all clambered and rolled away. After a pleasant drive of less than an hour we drew up before a substantial edifice, with innumerable queer gables, towers and projections, standing in the centre of prettily arranged grounds and so overgrown with vines and creepers that it had the general appearance of some immense vegetable.

They kept good hours at Raven Dell, and the family had retired, but a man was in waiting to take charge of the horses, and the major himself escorted us at once to a cozy little chamber something in the shape of a scalene triangle in an advanced state of intoxication, and left us to laugh in private over our day's adventure, and then to fall asleep and dream the most grotesque dreams that ever pervaded the slumbering fancies of two wandering Bohemians of the Press.

CHAPTER III.

WHO WE SAW.

Notwithstanding the [illegible] and fatigue of the preceding day we awoke betimes, and had [illegible] when the major knocked at our door and announced breakfast.

The old gentleman was in the best of spirits, and [illegible] hospitable [illegible], that it was [illegible] to look upon us in the light of particularly good-natured fellows, who were kindly disposed to render him an essential service at [illegible] small personal risk and inconvenience, a circumstance that naturally laid him under deep and lasting obligations.

On reaching the breakfast-room, we were presented in due form to our entertainer's maiden sister of whom incidental mention has been made, an elderly, sharp-featured lady, whose Christian name was rather a misnomer, inasmuch as we read that Charity "endureth all things," and if family tradition was to be trusted, Miss Charity Garius was not inclined to do anything of the sort, and was not celebrated for her placidity of temper. But she gave us a reception, that without being exactly cordial, was sufficiently gracious to pass muster in society, and presently after a bright, vivacious looking lady entered neatly and tastefully attired, who was, we felt persuaded before her name had been spoken in the ceremony of introduction, none other than Mrs. Highwines, the charming widow, of whose machinations our worthy host stood in such wholesome dread. Very bewitching she certainly was as she came lightly tripping into the apartment, gracefully acknowledging our best metropolitan bows, and Tom whispered in my ear:

"Not a bad piece of furniture, chum, for a domestic man's establishment. It showed great want of taste in the late Highwines, who must have been an unappreciative animal, to go off to California and get blown up."

"Where's Nellie?" the Major presently asked, glancing towards an unoccupied place at the board. "She is not generally behind time, and I want to make Tom's friend here acquainted with my favorite niece—a dear little girl, Mr. Ned—a very dear little girl."

"But thoughtless," observed Miss Charity, grimly; "a sad fault in youth."

"It is one that youth is singularly prone to, however, my dear Miss Charity," said the widow, speaking to the maiden lady, and smiling towards us with exceeding sweetness, whereat Tom grinned responsively, in what he evidently considered his most captivating manner.

"I hope Nellie will have no worse faults to answer for," responded the major, in a voice that plainly showed how dear to his heart was the niece of whom he was speaking. "And here she comes at last. Good morning, lady-bird."

A silvery, rippling voice answered:

"Good morning, uncle," and the salutation was followed by a sound indicating that Major Garius was being kissed. I looked up,—started—indulged in another glance, and leaned back with an indefinite feeling of general bewilderment; recovered for a moment, and substituted for the glance a prolonged stare, and forthwith parted company with my senses; for there, before me, was my divinity of the Academy of Design, and was being introduced to me like any ordinary mortal, as Miss Nellie Fairplay, a resident beneath the same roof where I was domiciled, and I should see her daily till—

I was recalled to a sense of my sublunary existence by the sound of that rippling, silvery voice, this time saying something to Mr. Mayburn, and had a dim consciousness that it was incumbent upon Mr. Mayburn to say something in reply, which I am inclined to think he did, although, upon my honor, I know very little about it. This knowledge only was present with me, that I had loved her ever since our first casual meeting, with the enthusiastic devotion of an impulsive boy, whose path had thus far wound through but a dreary wilderness, and now, when she stood before me again radiant with girlish beauty, she seemed to my excited sense encompassed by a halo of loveliness towards which it was almost profanation for me to turn my eyes.

As, far back in the olden time, the Israelitish leader stood at the base of Sinai's sacred mountain, over which the cloud of God's visible presence rested, awe-stricken and wondering, so I, standing on the level of my commonplace life, saw towering before me the mountain of social prejudice, separating us so widely, and with love's sense of my unworthiness of the object of my adoration, I dared not advance and attempt to climb the slope, and venture into the cloudy halo, where stood my earthly divinity, who had come down to talk with me face to face.

Let me not be here charged with irreverence. The first blossoming of Love in the bosom of ingenuous youth may be fittingly represented by the most sacred of similes; and when selfishness, deceit and lawless passion approach the pure atmosphere it breathes, or tread the spot its presence has consecrated, let them "put off their shoes, for the place where they stand is holy ground."

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT WE DID.

The month that followed sped by like a sweet dream. Raven Dell had been transformed into a fairy land, and through it I wandered with the Fay whose enchantment had worked the wondrous transformation. Deaf, dumb and blind, save to the whisperings of love, and overshadowed as it were by the bright beautiful shekina the tender passion irradiates.

Not long had my sense of the broad social distance between us kept me lingering in the valley land of self-abasement. Emboldened by the consciousness of my own purity of purpose, and reverentially loving her with an idolatry that He who planted the sentiment in our hearts smiles to behold, and makes no debit entry opposite the idolater's name, in the great ledger of human frailty, I had passed upward toward the summit where Nellie stood, and, as I advanced, the enfolding cloud parted, and she came down to meet me.

As the reader has already surmised, Nellie Fairplay was none other than the daughter, and, as it proved, the only child of the senior partner of the great publishing house where I had finally left my manuscript, and I now had the exquisite pleasure of hearing her relate, as we walked together in the early evening, through the major's spacious grounds, how it was one of her favorite pastimes to go down to her father's office, and rummage over the manuscripts deposited in the great safe, and that on one of these occasions she had found mine, and read it from beginning to end, and thought it splendid, poetic, [illegible] thing that it was, and had actually asked her father to publish it, staking her dear, sweet literary taste that it would prove a "hit," and how her sire had remorselessly said, "Pooh! pooh!—Clever writer, but not known—couldn't do to run the risk"—and then she had remembered my name, which was evidently written on one corner of the cover, and was so astonished when she met me at the house of her uncle, to find how young I was, and was so proud of my—well [illegible] to be much more so, when the manuscript was published, as it certainly would be, by and by, and the world had acknowledged its wonderful merits; for, looking at me as she did, through the magnifying-glass of loving partiality, Nellie never dreamed that others might use a less flattering and more truthful lens.

But there was one draped skeleton at our table, as there is seen or unseen at every board round which humanity gathers, though its presence seldom occasioned us much uneasiness, so confident were we, at this unpractical period of our courtship, that all impediments must of necessity vanish out of our path, leaving it plain and clear and straight before us.

It appeared that poor little Nellie's hand was not, strictly speaking, unencumbered property, although to her heart she could give the most satisfactory title; or, to speak more plainly, her father had taken the liberty to promise her in marriage, while she was yet scarcely more than an infant, to a friend of his to whom he was warmly attached.

Mr. Silas Grimbalt had never set eyes on his affianced bride since the occasion of the curious betrothal, having since that time resided constantly at Barbadoes, and cherishing a peculiar aversion to sea voyages, never took them when it could be avoided; but it was his custom to write two or three times a year, and the letters were generally accompanied by presents which had an interest in her eyes, if the missives were a little wanting in that respect, and it had been settled that her eighteenth birth-day, now distant a few months, should see her the bride of her ancient lover.

Up to the time of our meeting, Nellie had contemplated the event almost with indifference. She had always been accustomed to consider herself as the future wife of a man she never remembered to have seen, and had been taught to regard him as the embodiment of all the masculine virtues, and consequently one with whom any girl ought to be perfectly happy, and would be unless she possessed an exceedingly perverse disposition and was inclined to greatly underestimate the blessings of Providence.

But all this was changed now, and the passive *fiancee* had transferred her allegiance to another, and was firm as a rock in her determination to die a thousand deaths rather than give her darling little hand to any save the lover of her choice.

I had found time in the midst of my love-making to thoroughly ingratiate myself into the good graces of the major, I was a sportsman by nature, and the little time I spared from Nellie's society was spent in the field with her uncle, where my skill with the rifle fairly won the old Nimrod's heart.

I imagined too that he was better advised as to the state of things between his niece and myself than he appeared to be, and was well content to have it so. Aunt Charity, also, softened towards us, and although she never by word or deed intimated her suspicion that a love affair was going on under her venerable nose, she considerately left us alone together at all times and seasons, and sometimes I found her regarding us with an expression that made me think she was looking back through a long vista of years, and saw away in the dim distance another young girl, fresh, blooming and full of hope, but now a gray and faded woman, and perhaps another youth whom she loved, who might now, alas! be slumbering beneath the turf, and at such times my heart warmed towards the worn old spinster, and her foibles were all hidden under the mantle of the name she bore.

In the meantime the widow and Mr. Dingleby, being left mostly to themselves for society, appeared to have established a mutual liking and to be getting on very cosily together, although it would have been impossible for the shrewdest observer to determine whether either harbored any serious intentions or were only amusing themselves by a quaint and desperate flirtation conducted on original principles.

Both had a fancy for remaining out of doors the greater part of the time "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same," in a state of "masterly inactivity," and could generally be found if the weather was pleasant, beneath a wide-spreading beach, at the lower end of the lawn. Tom composedly extended on the grass with his hands clasped beneath his head studying the geography of the heavens, and the widow seated at a little distance diligently reading aloud from an immense cyclopedia, (I never could discover that they read anything else,) from which Mr. Dingleby sagely observed they picked up a great amount of miscellaneous information, thus combining pleasure and improvement in about equal proportions. Whether they ever talked I am not prepared to state from my own knowledge. I only know that when I chanced to come upon them in the intervals of reading, Tom was usually snoring with Mrs. Highwines sitting at his side, keeping the flies off his lazy face, and busily engaged in the manufacture of tatting.

Occasionally my friend inquired with a prodigious yawn how I liked his cousin Nell on acquaintance and if we were getting on comfortably, and upon my returning a suitable answer would remark that it really was very odd I should have taken my story to her father, and never mentioned it to him. It was another circumstance that served to strengthen him in the belief that we were under the special guardianship of Providence, and would conclude his observations by saying that it was clear we would make a match of it, in spite of circumstances, and that it really was the most singular thing in the world that the late Highwines could have had the bad taste to go off to California and get blown up.

Such was the state of affairs at Raven Dell, when upon returning from a shooting excursion with the major one afternoon, I was astounded by the information that Mr. Fairplay had arrived a few hours before, bringing the gratifying intelligence that he had just received a letter from Mr. Grimbalt stating that that gentleman would be in New York, where he was unexpectedly called by business within a week after the arrival of his letter, and inasmuch as Miss Nellie's eighteenth birthday was so near at hand, and it would be so inconvenient to make the voyage again, he ventured to hope the marriage might take place at once, as his immediate return to Barbadoes was imperative.

I began to have a prospective vision of "breakers ahead," and was conscious of cherishing the unchristian hope that Mr. Grimbalt might go to the bottom of the Atlantic on his passage northward.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES WERE.

I was so thoroughly startled by this untoward state of things, which certainly boded no good to me, that without even attempting to obtain an interview with Nellie and learn how she bore this disastrous news, I rushed away to find Tom in whose friendship and discretion I had the utmost confidence.

I found him extended in his customary attitude beneath the beech with the widow beside him, but *mirabile dictu!* neither asleep nor listening to the cyclopedia, but actually engaged in conversation with his companion.

"Hello!" was his exclamation when he became aware of my presence. "So, you've heard the news—old gentleman here and Grimbalt coming."

"Yes, I know it all. What in the name of heaven is to be done?"

"And Nell is crying her blessed little eyes out, greatly to the mystification of her respected parent, who is wondering with all his brains what the deuce possesses the girl," continued Mr. Dingleby, without paying the smallest heed to my question. "A very sad affair, Ned, and may end in a suicide or two, or a murder. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it did."

"Can it be possible," I asked, furious with indignation, "that Mr. Fairplay is such an unnatural monster that he will deliberately sacrifice his daughter to this old heathen from Barbadoes?"

"You forget, my dear Mr. Mayburn, that this Mr. Grimbalt (an extremely unromantic name by the way,) is reputed to be *im—mensely* rich," the widow said, laying such an emphasis on the adjective that it indicated a million at least.

"And because he is rich, is Nellie to be sold to him like a bale of merchandize?" I said, wrathfully. "I will not believe her father can be so inhuman, when he comes to know how devotedly we love each other. I will see him at once, and demand of him the instant cancelling of this infamous marriage contract."

"I would not adopt *precisely* that line of conduct, Ned," said Tom, coolly, because old Fairplay might forget the courtesy that should characterize the intercourse between gentlemen, and kick you, which would be confoundedly disagreeable."

"Tom," I began, in a voice scarcely audible from the intensity of my emotion, "I did not think you would speak in this heartless, aggravating way, when I came to you for sympathy and counsel in my sore distress. I thought, remembering our old friendship, I could rely upon your advice and assistance, but instead of that, you tell me my case is hopeless, and then make sport of my misery; I would not treat a dog so cruelly."

"Which goes to show that you are a remarkably good-natured fellow," responded the imperturbable Tom. "So you counted on my advice and assistance, eh!"

I said that I had done so confidently, but it seemed I must make up my mind to do without them.

"There you are jumping at conclusions, the most illogical thing in the world, and a course that is sure to lead a man into error. Ned, my boy, you can cheer up when you've felt bad long enough. I will undertake to dispose of Grimbalt's case within the next twenty-four hours, so completely and effectually that he will go back to Barbadoes, astonished at the amazing ingenuity of man."

"How will you accomplish that?" I asked, somewhat doubtful of his ability to achieve such a feat, but with a gleam of hope stealing into my heart nevertheless.

"That, my fine fellow, is none of your concern. Mrs. Highwines has occasion to visit the city to-night, and I am going to run down with her. We shall return by the morning train, and then you shall see the speedy collapse of this Grimbalt project, which really is an outrageous piece of business. In the meantime all you have to do is to comfort little Nell, and keep out of your future father-in-law's sight. Come, Mrs. H., it is time we were moving if we expect to get to the five o'clock train."

It was impossible to obtain the smallest clue to Mr. Dingleby's proposed *modus operandi*, but the confidence with which he spoke and the widow's evident faith in his ability to perform what he promised, had the effect of raising my drooping spirits, and when in the course of half an hour the carriage, with my sympathizing friends inside, rattled off toward the railway station, with a lighter heart than I had hoped to possess again very soon, I sought the presence of Nellie.

She was in a sad plight, poor child! very pale and tear stained, but charmingly resolute never to assume the name of Grimbalt, let what would come—and so she had informed her astonished father, accompanying the avowal with the declaration that she had taken the liberty of falling in love with a younger and infinitely more agreeable gentleman, whom it was her purpose to marry at all hazards, sooner or later. Who the fortunate youth was, she declined to mention, feeling persuaded that her sire was not just then in a frame of mind to be suitably impressed with the wisdom of her choice, and when the major and Aunt Charity were placed in the witness-box and cross-examined, they were as profoundly ignorant as a judgment debtor who has been brought up before the court on supplementary proceedings, to explain the mysterious disappearance of his property liable to be taken on execution.

This evidence of the existence of more allies, quite restored me to my accustomed spirits; and the major having persuaded his guest to remain at least another day, I turned my despondency out of doors, and began to ponder as to the nature of the scheme Tom was planning to compass my happiness.

The widow returned by the early train, agreeably to appointment, but alone, and informed me privately, with her angelic smile, that dear Mr. Dingleby had been detained, but would certainly join us in the course of the day, and had desired her to assure his friend that his affairs were in safe hands and progressing.

Four o'clock came, however, without bringing the absentee, and I was beginning to feel uneasy, when from my room where I had confined myself a prisoner, I saw a close carriage slowly approaching as though its inmate found more rapid motion inconvenient.

The carriage drew up before the gate, and an elderly gentleman with long, white hair, and a shrunken, yellow face, evidently the combined results of prolonged illness and a residence under a tropical sun, thrust his head from the window and inquired in a sharp, querulous voice, if Major Garius resided there?

The gardener to whom the question was addressed answered in the affirmative, whereupon the old gentleman scrambled down; and I then saw that he was much bowed and evidently very feeble. He was closely enveloped in a huge, furred cloak, and leaned heavily upon a stout stick as he tottered toward the house and rang the bell.

"Mr. Fairplay and daughter are staying here, I believe," said the stranger, testily.

The servant who had responded to his summons admitted the point and stood waiting for orders.

"Say I wish to see them; Grimbalt, from Barbadoes, is the name—they'll know it."

From my window, I had seen and heard all this; and at the mention of the name, a feeling of absolute horror came over me. This, then, was the old reprobate to whom my darling Nellie was to be sacrificed. What wonder that I was savage!

At that moment I perceived the major approaching, accompanied by a gentleman whom I supposed to be Mr. Fairplay. The stranger had noticed them too, and after looking at them for a moment through an immense pair of spectacles, he shuffled down to meet them as rapidly as his infirmities would permit.

"How d'ye do, Fairplay? how d'ye do?" he said, in his thin cracked voice, "I arrived in the city last night, almost a week sooner than I expected; and learning at your counting-room where you were, and that Miss Nellie, whom I was naturally most impatient to see, was with you, I pushed on post haste."

"And who do you have the goodness to call yourself?" queried Mr. Fairplay, staring in blank amazement at the stranger.

"Who am I? Well, that is good. Who should I be, but Silas Grimbalt, from Barbadoes; and soon to be your son-in-law. You don't mean to say you didn't recognize me, Sammy!"

"How should I, when the Silas Grimbalt that I last saw, fifteen years ago, was a hale, handsome man of thirty, and you are seventy, at the least."

"Only forty-six, Sammy, only forty-six. It's the climate that makes me look so old. Why, bless you, man, before Nellie has been out these five years she will look as old as I do, which will in some sort seem to remove the disparity between us."

"You don't tell me so!" cried the father, with a perceptible shudder.

"Yes, but I do, Sammy, and now be so good as to invite me into the house and let me see my little Nellie. It will make me feel like a boy again to kiss her pretty lips."

The major, who had been looking on perfectly aghast, now led the way into the house without a word, and as I afterwards learned all that transpired during the interview, I may as well give a synopsis of the conversation here:

"Then you mean to tell me seriously that you are Silas Grimbalt," Mr. Fairplay said, when the stranger had helped himself to a chair and complained of the cold, although he still wore his furred cloak, and it was in the height of the Indian summer season.

"No doubt at all about that, Sammy, and if you keep on questioning my identity, I shall begin to think you want to break off the engagement."

"Then I conclude you really wish to fulfil it."

"Of course I do—my heart is set upon it, man. What do you mean?"

"Merely this. It occurs to me that there is such a striking disparity of years, that my daughter, who is very young, may—"

"Do you mean to tell me that the disparity is greater now than it was when the engagement was entered into, you vagabond?" said the old man fiercely. "Don't talk nonsense to me. Your daughter must marry me—unless she's already married, which I more than half suspect she is. I'm not a man to be trifled with."

"Certainly not, and I'm very glad to see you, Grimbalt, though you've altered amazingly."

"You'd better be glad to see me!" continued the irascible Grimbalt, "and now if you've stared at me long enough, just introduce me to your host—I want to ask him for some brandy."

The major did not wait for the ceremony of introduction, but produced a decanter and glasses on the instant. Mr. Grimbalt filled a bumper—poured it down his throat—pronounced it—good—followed it up by another, and then drew from his pocket a monstrous pipe, and a box containing nearly a pound of opium, with which he filled it with the utmost composure, ignited it and proceeded to smoke with great apparent relish.

"You don't make a practice of smoking opium in that wholesale manner, I trust!" said the horrified Mr. Fairplay."

"You needn't hope anything of the sort, because I do, and chew it into the bargain. Opium and brandy are meat and drink to me and every one in Barbadoes. Nellie will learn to use them in a month or so, and then she'll not feel annoyed at the habit in me; and now, Sammy, if you'll mention to her that I'm here, I shall be obliged."

"I will do so," Mr. Fairplay said, rising. "Major, may I speak with you a moment on a matter of business? that is, if Mr. Grimbalt will pardon us for leaving him alone?"

"No excuse necessary, Sammy. I have my pipe and brandy, and can take care of myself for an hour, if you like."

The major and his guest then withdrew to an adjoining room, where they stopped and looked at each other for some moments in silence.

"Grimbalt has changed horribly," said Mr. Fairplay, at last.

"I should infer as much," said the major, dryly.

"And I fear his habits are—"

"Those of an unregenerate cannibal," exclaimed the major angrily, interrupting him. "Egad! he's a savage! a Hottentot! a perfect old—old—rhinoceros!" and having reached this culminating point of indignation, Major Garius sank into a chair and wiped his forehead furiously.

"I'm afraid he is, major, and upon my word I don't believe I should be doing right to insist upon Nellie's marrying him, though my word *is* pledged."

"Doing right! I tell you, Sam Fairplay, if you permitted it, to say nothing about forcing her inclinations, you would, in my humble opinion, be a living illustration of Parson Towsalton's favorite doctrine of perfect cussedness—'total depravity,' he calls it, though, I believe; but I reckon it means about the same thing."

"I am much inclined to coincide in your opinion, but what shall I do?"

"Nothing is plainer. Did you observe he said he should insist upon the contract being fulfilled, unless she were already married, as he was half inclined to think she was?"

"And what then?"

"Why, let her be married—to-night—within an hour."

"But who is she to marry?"

"The lover she has picked out for herself, of course."

"And who is he, pray? She has told me nothing about him."

"I may as well own up, Sam, that I *do* know all about him, though I was not going to betray Nellie's secret when there was nothing to be gained by it. Ned Mayburn is the man, and a finer fellow there never lived. He shoots a rifle like a wild Indian."

"Mayburn!" reiterated Mr. Fairplay, "is he a newspaper writer, do you know?"

"That's his business—he's a friend of Tom's, and came up here with him on a visit. Do you happen to know him?"

"Not personally, but some of his work have chanced to fall under my observation. With some one to lend him a helping hand he might make a mark in literature, and if you tell me on your honor, major, that from what you have seen of him while a guest in your house, you should suppose him to be a young man of the right kind of character, let it be as you suggest—for really I see no other way, and poor Nell, you say, is certainly attached to him very warmly."

"I'll vouch for that with my life, Sam."

"We will take the risk, then, and after all it is the one that every woman has to take; but understand, I know nothing about this matter till it's over. I leave it with you to arrange as you think best."

"And arrange it I will, fast and sure," cried the delighted major, breaking away from his friend and hurrying to my room, like an excited tortoise.

"Hello!" he said, bursting in upon me almost breathless, "you must get ready to be married in twenty minutes."

"Married!" I repeated, in astonishment. "What do you mean, major?"

"Just what I say. You and Nellie are to run away and get married as soon as she can put her bonnet on, and my man Blodkins can drive you down to Parson Towsalton's." And without farther ado the major proceeded, as briefly as possible, to acquaint me with what had transpired.

"But will Nellie consent?" I said in a perfect frenzy of excitement, when the major paused in his narration.

"You ought to be able to find that out, if any one can; and I leave you to do it while I look after the carriage. Off with you!"

What arguments I used to overcome my sweet Nellie's shy coyness, I shall not here relate, for it is none of the reader's business. Suffice it to say, I gained her consent, and almost before I knew it, we were whirling rapidly towards Mr. Towsalton's residence, armed with a hasty and perfectly illegible scrawl from the major; and ere the expiration of an hour Nellie was mine—*all* mine.

We returned slowly in the early morning, after being so tenderly entertained by the kind clergyman and his good old wife, who entered so fully into the happiness of the two just setting out upon their long journey together, and when we again reached Raven Dell we learned from the major and Mr. Fairplay, who were lingering at the gate to welcome us, that Mr. Grimbalt had gone off in a huge pet, swearing vengeance against everybody, at a late hour the preceding night, and that Mr. Dingleby had made his appearance a few moments before, in wonderful spirits.

"You have had the fortune to win my daughter's earnest love, Mayburn," Mr. Fairplay said gravely, "and the warm regard of my friend, the major, in whose judgment I have great confidence. Be worthy of both, and I can easily find a son's place for you in my heart."

I could only acknowledge his grateful kindness by a silent pressure of his hand.

We turned down the gravel-walk together—very happy, all of us. We had proceeded but a little distance, when Mr. Fairplay stopped with an exclamation of surprise.

"Look there!" he said; and we did look, and saw before us a mask and wig that must have been modelled from the head and features of Mr. Grimbalt, so exceedingly like him were they.

We glanced at one another in search of an explanation.

"Were you a party to this deception, major?" Mr. Fairplay asked with manifest displeasure.

"Upon my honor, I was not. I know as little of the matter as you do."

"Then I suppose Mr. Mayburn may claim the credit of it. It was an unworthy action, sir. I am disappointed in you."

"I beg your pardon," Tom said, who had approached unperceived, and was among us before we were aware of it; "but I have an unaccountable aversion to other people receiving the credit of my exploits. The little masquerade with which I endeavored to amuse you yesterday afternoon, was entirely of my own planning, with a suggestion thrown in here and there by my friend Mrs. Highwines."

"Will you be good enough to explain by what right you interfered in my family affairs?"

"Oh! certainly. I'm always ready to comply with any reasonable request. I saw that Cousin Nell had a fancy for Ned here, who is a good fellow, with considerable brains. I determined she should have her way, so I slipped down to the city, hired what I wanted at a costumers, and appeared for the first time in my life before an American public in the character of Grimbalt, and sustained what I supposed to be his real character after fifteen years' residence in that heathenish Barbadoes. I have no doubt that I acted Grimbalt to the life. You were disgusted with him, and entered into a conspiracy with Uncle Pete to circumvent him—that's all."

"You're an impudent dog, Tom," Mr. Fairplay said, vainly striving to suppress the laugh that would out; "but after all, if Nell is happy, and she seems to be, *I* have no right to complain."

"Ah! Tom, if you only *had* been my son," said the delighted major. "Your genius is remarkable!"

"It is somewhat extensive—there's no use in denying that; and, by the way, while I think of it, if you'll have your lawyer up here to-morrow, and make a rough draft of that will, I shall be obliged. Mrs. H. went over to New York with me, and we concluded, inasmuch as the late Highwines had shown his bad taste by going off to California and getting blown up, that I might as well put on his lamented shoes."

"Are you really married, Tom? On your sacred honor, you know?"

"Really married, uncle."

"And to the widow?"

"Verily to the widow."

"If you only had been my own flesh and blood son, Tom—there never was such a dutiful chap—no, there never was. I'll make the will to-morrow, and you shall stay here, and the widow too, (I shan't be afraid of her now,) till I get my final marching orders."

"You're an appreciative old gentleman—I'm glad to see it," Mr. Dingleby responded; "so we'll consider the articles of co-partnership signed, and the widow and I can go on with the Cyclopedia to-morrow. The amount of miscellaneous information we've acquired in that way is astonishing."

The Cyclopedia reading was not resumed, however, on the morrow, nor for many days thereafter, for, at the instance of Mr. Fairplay, we went down to the city by the morning train—the major, Aunt Charity, and all; and such a gala week followed as I cannot describe, and shall not make the attempt.

In the very midst of our carnival, there came a knock at Mr. Fairplay's outer door one night, and a moment of profoundly awkward silence followed when the servant announced Mr. Grimbalt, from Barbadoes; and in he came, a bright-eyed, rollicking, cherry-faced gentleman, who looked his age and nothing more, and who laughed and talked, and shook hands with us, as though he had known us all from the cradle. Mr. Fairplay drew him aside into a bow window, where they held a whispered conference, which was followed by such a hearty ringing shout of merriment, that we all joined in, because we couldn't help it; and then Mr. Grimbalt from Barbadoes came out from his hiding-place, declaring it was the most extraordinary joke he ever heard of, and insisted that Tom should go through with the masquerade again, for his benefit; and when this was done, he laughed till we became apprehensive of apoplexy putting a sudden period to his earthly career, and then shook hands with all round once more, and kissed Nellie and Mrs. Tom, and Aunt Charity, and went off into another roar.

It is scarcely worth mentioning, but when I looked into the great publishing house the other day, with my darling Nellie on my arm, Mr. Tallboy met me with exceeding politeness, and took occasion to observe that he had read my manuscript, and had been delighted. Their house would have the utmost pleasure in bringing out so promising a writer.

Jeff Davis's Valedictory Proclamation of April 1, 1865.

Whereas, In the course of inhuman Yankee events the capital of the Confederate States of America no longer affords an eligible and healthy residence for the members of the present Cabinet, not to speak of the Chief Magistrate himself, the Vice President, and the members of the two congressional bodies; I do therefore, by virtue of the power vested in my two heels, proclaim my intention to travel instanter, in company with all the officers of the Confederate States Government, and to take up such agreeable quarters as may yet be *Granted* unto me.

To such persons as are in arms against the Confederate States of America, I do hereby tender absolute amnesty, on condition that they forthwith desist from annoying our patriotic population.

Under the circumstances, slavery had better be abolished.

The capital of the Confederacy will henceforward be found "up a stump" on the picturesque banks of the celebrated "Last Ditch."

To the foreign subscribers to the Confederate loan I return sincere thanks.

Major General Grant, United States army, will please see that they get their cotton.

All persons having claims against this Government will please present them to A. Lincoln, Richmond, by whom all such accounts will be most cheerfully audited.

It is not altogether improbable that the glorious experiment of a slaveholders' Confederacy may yet prove a delusion and a snare. I have often thought so. So has General Lee, who has lately been fighting mostly for his last year's salary. The Confederate treasury being light, I think I will take it in my valise. Gen. Lee thinks that we have a good opening before us, and that we have seen the last of this fratricidal war. I hope so. Stephens thinks peace more imminent than ever.

If the United States persists in refusing to recognize the Confederacy, on my return I shall again urge the arming of the negroes.

Office-seekers are respectfully solicited to cease their importunatings. Genius is the beau ideal, but hope is the reality. Fellow-citizens, farewell. J. DAVIS,

President Confederate States of America.

Done at Richmond, April 1, 1865.

☞ Tallow has been struck in Windsor, Hartford county, Ct. The Hartford Times says: "In the town of Windsor, on Mr. James Harvey's land, five miles from Hartford, is a spring, on the waters of which, when ponded, rises a coating of tallow, about three-eighths of an inch in thickness. It resembles and will burn like beef or mutton tallow. Near by this spring, on Mr. Halsey's land, lumps of clear tallow have been dug. We have a small specimen of it in our office. It has been long known that sea wax or tallow, as well as oil, is found imbedded in the earth."

☞ The least error should humble us, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.

☞ A letter from Charleston says: "Wherever our army goes five institutions are sure to follow it—the Post Office, the Sanitary Commission, Express Companies, the Christian Commission, and the diarrhœa."

☞ Gail Borden, of milk-condensing fame, will never have done with his experiments. He is now operating in conjunction with distinguished chemists and scientific men in a process of manufacturing sugar from milk—taking as a basis the fact that the whey which is thrown away after the manufacture of cheese contains more sugar than an equal quantity of maple sap. Of course the quantity that is wasted is immense—twenty millions of pounds in New York State alone! How to extract the sugar and utilize it is the problem Mr. Borden and his associates are now upon. Their progress is such that already one patent has been taken out.

☞ The western widows are calling indignation meetings with reference to the advent of Massachusetts virgins. The male population is no scarce for the home market, without importations.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

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The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

A WEEK OF TRIUMPH.

The last week has been one of immense excitement, immense triumph, through all the length and breadth of the loyal states. In one proud week the great fortress—material and moral—of the Rebellion has been brought low, and the mighty army which so long defied the forces of the Union, been defeated and overthrown, and its component parts in a large degree, disorganized, destroyed, or captured.

When Lee, thinking to be beforehand with Grant, attacked the centre of our line before Petersburg at Fort Steedman, he meant, it is supposed, to pierce through our line, fall upon and destroy everything at City Point, isolate the Army of the James from the Army of the Potomac, defeat and capture the former, and, in one word, raise the siege of Richmond. This probably was the movement so long planned, and which was "to astonish the world." But Fort Steedman, though gallantly taken by the rebels, was as gallantly retaken by our own Pennsylvanians under Hartranft. The great movement failed before it had fairly begun—and Lee having failed at playing hammer, relapsed quietly into his old role once more of anvil.

Grant commenced with the same old move at which the rebels have laughed so frequently and heartily—the often foiled flank movement on their right, on his own left. He tried it again probably, because it really was the proper movement. And this time, on the third day, and after Sheridan, who led the movement, had deposed his chief of the foot, it prevailed, and Sheridan was triumphant, held the field, and had taken five thousand prisoners. This was late in the afternoon of Saturday, the first of April—"All Fools' Day"—but hereafter one of the brightest days in the American calendar.

Grant received the news—probably with cigar in mouth, and with his usual imperturbable demeanor. But he saw the crisis had come. His orders went forth for a general attack, beginning by [illegible] of the whole line, commencing on the immediate right, just before Petersburg. At dawn, or before it, of Sunday, the advance and assault commenced—successful, we believe, with one slight exception, through the whole length of the line; and Sunday afternoon beheld the Southside Railroad taken, our line stretching from the river above Petersburg to the river below it, the rebels driven to their last and inner line of defence, and the evacuation of Petersburg and of Richmond by the rebels, a military necessity.

Then the race commenced for escape on Lee's part, and to head his army off on ours. Sheridan, with his cavalry, and supported by infantry in his rear, threw himself in the path of the retreating rebels, and sent back messages to hurry up the foot. Lee, however, hulking to the north, marched on, leaving a strong force to defend his rear. When Sheridan's infantry arrived, he attacked that rear guard, defeated it, and captured Ewell its commander, and half a dozen other generals, including Fitzhugh Lee, a son of the rebel chieftain.

As we write this, however, Lee, with the main body of what was left of his army, seems to have escaped; but whether he will be able to form the desired junction with Johnston is still uncertain. If he is able to, doubtless he can still carry on the war a while longer—especially should the rebels break for Texas, and form a junction with their friends in that State. In this event, however, they would necessarily abandon all the territory east of the Mississippi river, and all their proud hopes of forming a Southern Confederacy. And though they might thus protract the war, they could scarcely dream of eventual triumph. In a year or so, at most, the flag of the Union would wave over Texas, and the last sparks of the rebellion be trampled out.

MR. DEMPSTER'S CONCERTS.

A very good representation of Mr. Dempster's admirers assembled in the Musical Fund Hall on the evening of the third of April, notwithstanding that the sweetest of all music—"Richmond has fallen!" was making the people delirious with joy. The vocalist pleaded hoarseness in excuse for any shortcomings that might be apparent; but the brilliant execution of Enid's song "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel," which we thought the most successful of the series from the Idyls of the King, made us feel that apology was unnecessary. In humorous singing Mr. Dempster is excellent, and we rather wonder that he does not give his audience more of what they evidently appreciate so highly. "The Barring o' the Door" was admirably given and listened to with delight. The best humor, free from all alloy of coarseness, is often found in connection with the tenderest pathos. The composer of the May Queen is just the one to give us in the most perfect manner such humorous songs as his own fine taste would select. At his second entertainment, we were pleased to see that the proportion of humorous songs was larger. The other songs, including those two universal favorites, "Highland Mary" and "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," were very well received by the audience. Tennyson's beautiful Cradle Song, which was admirably sung, was encored, as were also several other songs in the course of the evening.

FALL OF PRICES.—The Journal of Commerce has an afflicted correspondent who thus expatiates:

"In October last, I purchased 400,000 pounds of sugar at 16c. a pound. On the 1st of January, it was worth 18½c. a pound, or $10,000 more than I gave for it; but I did not sell. In the month of March, I sold the lot of sugar at 10½c. a pound, paying me a loss of over $22,000."

Well, the difference is probably this, that $22,000 will be saved to thousands of small purchasers of sugar, who have been put to their wits' ends for the past two years to know how to pay their grocery bills.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS BY R. W. EMERSON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

CAPE COD. By HENRY D. THOREAU, author of "WALDEN," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES. By G. E. & F. WOODWARD, Architects. Published by G. E. & F. Woodward, N. Y.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D. From the Fourth London Edition. Vol. VII. and last. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

SOCIAL STATICS; or, The Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified, and the First of them Developed. By HERBERT SPENCER. With a Notice of the Author, and a steel Portrait. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS. A Story of Two Families. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of "Geoffry Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

ESSAYS. By R. W. EMERSON. First and Second Series. We pity and yet envy the man who has never read these essays. They are among the noblest and finest compositions in the language. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE MATCHMAKER. By BEATRICE REYNOLDS, author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES. Life Scenes in a Metropolis by JOS. C. NEAL. With Original Designs by DARLEY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LORRIMER LITTLEGOOD. By FRANK E. SNEDLEY, author of "Frank Fairlegh," "Lewis Arundel," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Philadelphia.

SPARRING. The Theory and the Practice of the Art of Self-Defence. By L. HILLEBRAND. Published by Fisher & Bros., Philadelphia.

☞ It is now affirmed, on the authority of the "Stratford Register," that Shakspeare's widow became the wife of a Stratford shoemaker, named Richard James. This was the last of Ann Hathaway.

Woman.

BY BELLA E. SPENCER.

The world has a very naughty way of citing Eve as the first example of human weakness, and consequently the root of all evil. From the creation of the earth down to the present time, the entire blame for all the ills to which the flesh is heir, has been heaped remorselessly upon woman's shoulders, simply because our first mother bowed a listening ear to the wily whispers of the serpent, utterly forgetful of the proofs given us of woman's high estate as a moral agent, in the attack of the Deceiver. Satan recognized in her the power to lead and teach, by her gentleness, her beauty, her finer tastes and instincts; therefore he sought her out amid the beauties of Eden to try his arts upon her, knowing if she yielded, Adam must succumb too to his power. The result shows his wisdom in the selection, since Adam did eat of the fruit from her hand; but it does not prove the woman worse than the man, for the charge had been given alike to each, and Adam knew perfectly well that it was wrong. When questioned and detected, Adam was guilty of a very shabby thing; for in his shame and abasement, he cast all the blame upon the woman, sharing none of it freely as a noble man ought to have done. We are told of the arts which the serpent used to beguile Eve; but the Bible does not record any arguments used by her to induce her husband to eat of the forbidden fruit likewise. It simply says that she gave to her husband, and he did eat. It would seem by this that it required no arguments to effect his downfall. He yielded without opposition, proving a like, if not a greater weakness than hers, morally; while the act of giving to him the fruit, stamped her the powerful moral agent through whom wisdom and knowledge was to descend from generation to generation, throughout the earth.

It seems strange as it is unjust, that man in owning woman's influence over his actions should delight chiefly in acknowledging only her power as a temptress, while the better and nobler teachings to which her daily, hourly life bear witness, are passed over in silence or spoken of coldly, indifferently, except in some instances, where he is frank and noble enough to lift himself above the common level of expression, and through the thrilling remembrance of a living example in a mother, wife or sister, to whose loving guidance he probably owes his salvation, constitutes himself the champion of her sex.

American women have less to complain of, I think, than any other nation on earth with regard to man's haughty assumption of power and superiority. The American woman has wider, fuller scope for the use of her powers, and gains more of credit than woman can expect to gain in the old world. American men hold their women in honor and yield them respect, bowing to their influence with a freer will, even while the old story of the downfall of Eden's children through woman is warm upon their lips. Seeing this, we naturally ask ourselves to what it may be attributable and seek for the cause of this change through the pages of history, step by step down to the present time. And what is the answer to our queries? Who is lifting the burthen from her tender shoulders and baring her brow, spotless from shame, to the gaze of the universe? Woman herself. One by one she has broken down the barriers of prejudice, and advanced with steady tread up the world's pathways toward that goal for which weary hearts have longed vainly in ages past, for which her own new yearns with more intensity for the stray gleams of hope that fall upon it as she nears the scene of her ambition—that point in life where woman is justified, and her natural claims to a high and honorable estate in the world admitted.

Many have gone down to their graves with the hope unfulfilled, having in their hearts nurtured the germs of that which we see already bursting into leaf and flower. These have borne scorn and derision, breasting wave after wave of opposition with the steadiness of an earnest purpose. Such were called "strong-minded," and denominated "masculine women," while men laughed and gibed at the puny attempts to emulate their "lordliness!" But while we acknowledge no sympathy with the claim of the few who assert rights to *all* masculine privileges and pursuits, we cannot deny that these examples were needed to show us by contrasting the two extremes the real position to which our birth entitles us—the position of moral guide and teacher—fitted for it by education, sustained in it by man, for whose weal we came into the world.

I know of no living soul who has labored so earnestly and faithfully in woman's cause, as one who still dwells and labors amongst us. I refer to Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, whose poetry and prose productions have gone into every house in the land, where they have become household treasures. Who will give a glance even to the pages of her "Record of Distinguished Woman," and fail to accord her the honor and praise due to years of patient toil, extensive research, and untiring purpose. The great, generous, noble heart of the woman throbs through all her works, and amongst the "noble" for whom she has battled against popular prejudice, she stands noblest, beloved and honored by thousands for the unwearied uplifting of a truthful, earnest voice in behalf of her sex. She yields no point without a victory. With clearness and decision she lays out her plan of action, and with some great feature of reform in view, works up to it in spite of difficulties, bending all the strength and power of a lofty intellect to the work until it is accomplished.

It was Mrs. Hale who first raised an objection to the use of the word *female* as a synonym for *woman*. She searches the Book of books for authority to prove it an insult to our sex, classing us with the lowest of the animal creation, in its common use from pulpit, rostrum, and press. In one of the many articles written upon the subject, she tells us that the term *female* is used but *twelve times* throughout the Bible, while *woman*, *wife*, mother, and her other titles number over *thirteen hundred*.

To refined ears this word as applied to woman, is always offensive, always insulting, and to root it out of our speech and literature, except where it is a positive necessity, (which is seldom the case) is Mrs. Hale's object. We are indiscriminately classed with the females of all kinds of creatures, when spoken of in such general terms as "Female Bible Societies;" "Female Teachers;" "Female Employments," &c. What kind of female societies? Female geese? Female donkey teachers? Female horse employments? We had just as well say so, as to apply it to woman as a distinguishing term. It does not clearly distinguish her race, unless we say "female woman," which does not sound well! Then why not say woman, or lady, at once? It is much easier and far more elegant. But for a lady to be vulgarly called a female, as if she were an animal—fough!

As women, we should help Mrs. Hale in the work she is patiently striving to accomplish. We can talk of it; protest against it; wipe it out of our literature; ignore it in our speech; teach our children and our pupils its impropriety, and finally render it obsolete, if we will but give our energies to the task. Each and every step we take in such measures for reform, is that much gained toward placing woman in her proper light before the world, and it behooves us to work with an earnest will to such an end.

LATEST NEWS.

SURRENDER OF LEE AND HIS ARMY.

The rebels, under command of General Lee, have surrendered to General Grant. The army was pursued to Appomattox Court House, within forty-three miles of Lynchburg, and about eighty west of Richmond. The surrender took place near this town. It was proposed by Grant on Saturday last, and accepted yesterday by Lee. The terms of surrender were proposed by General Grant, and are as follows:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate, the officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

There is intelligence from Mobile to March 30. The bombardment of Spanish Fort was continued, and on both sides of Mobile Bay the Union troops were gradually advancing towards Mobile. There had been considerable fighting in front of Spanish Fort. The column under General Granger, that has been advancing overland from New Orleans, arrived on the western shore of Mobile Bay on March 23. Steele's troops from Pensacola were but eight miles from Mobile on the 30th.

On April 4th, last Tuesday, Sherman was quiet at Goldsboro.

☞ On Tuesday, the 4th, Mr. Lincoln gave a public reception in the parlor of Jeff Davis's house in Richmond. A number of citizens called upon him, beside the officers of our army and navy.

☞ According to a Russian custom, the wife of the late Duke de Morny cut off her hair and put it in his coffin, as a pledge not to marry again.

☞ Query in natural philosophy:—Whether the Aurora Borealis is not caused by the petroleum which oozes out at the poles becoming ignited by the friction?

☞ Begging is in China a sacred trade. In many cities the beggar-king gains as much as 100,000 taels yearly. At festivals, and especially at wedding ceremonies, which last for three days, he sends a deputation to the house of the bride and bridegroom, who are obliged to pay them the stipulated ransom. If they refuse the extortion, they have their dwellings invaded by several scores of dirty rascals, whom they are presently willing to pay any price to get rid of.

☞ Liebig, the celebrated German chemist, has gone to London to superintend the application of the sewerage of that city to the purposes of agriculture. Millions of dollars' worth of manure are annually wasted in that and other large cities, by neglecting to secure the drainings from the large and populous places for manure.

☞ Divine justice steals upon us softly with woollen feet, but strikes at last with iron hands.

☞ It is said that Mrs. Oviedo, of the Diamond Wedding fame, is dangerously ill of small-pox, of which several cases have occurred in Havana.

☞ THE LAST WORDS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—As true as I live and breathe, my boy—as true as I live and breathe—when Captain Bob Shortly put his ear to the mouth of the fallen Confederacy, he heard, slowly spoken, these remarkable words:—

"I'm—glad—this—has—happened—because—I—can—now—develope—my—real resources—of—strength!!!"—*Orpheus C. Kerr.*

☞ Among the many improvements in photographic apparatus, one of the most important is that made recently by M. Dubroni, of Paris. He has contrived a most complete set of apparatus, which a photographer on his travels can almost put in his pocket, and by means of which ladies can practice the art without risk of soiling their fingers.

☞ In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense—" "Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you *do* want!" The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

☞ An amusing incident occurred recently, during the progress of one of those "Sabbath-School Concerts," so interesting to adults as well as to the children. The subject was the history of Samson, and the question, "What foolish thing did Samson once do?" Expectation was on tiptoe to ascertain his peculiar weakness, when from a front seat came the reply, given with solemn preciseness and irresistibly ludicrous accent, "He went down among the Philistines and got a wife!"

☞ In the crowd at one of the theatres, the other evening, some one remarked to our Funny man that he "never was in such a pickle before." "Pickle?" said F. M., "I thought it was a *jam*, and was about to say Heaven *preserve* me."

☞ The late Dr. Risk, of Dalserf, being one of the moderators, did not satisfy, by his preaching, the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our sin righteousness." "Renouncing your sin righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor. "I never *saw* any ye *had to renounce!*"

THE JUSTIFICATION.

"Hush, child—again that knocking! Go, fling wide the door, I pray;
Perchance 'tis some poor pilgrim who has wandered from his way.
Now, save thee, gallant stranger! Sit thee down and share our cheer:
Our bread is white and wholesome—see! our drink is fresh and clear."

"I come not here your bread to share, nor of your drink to speak.
Your name?"—"Hans Euler,"—"So! 'tis well: it is your blood I seek.
Know that through many a weary year I've sought you for a foe:
I had a goodly brother once: 'twas you who laid him low.

"And as he bit the dust, I vowed that soon or late on you
His death should be avenged; and mark! that oath I will keep true."
"I slew him; but in quarrel just. I fought him hand to hand:
Yet, since you would avenge his fall,—I'm ready; take your stand.

"But I war not in my homestead, by this hearth whereon I tread;
Not in sight of them—my dear ones,—for whose safety I have bled.
My daughter, reach me down yon sword,—the same that laid him low;
And if I ne'er come back again, Tyrol has sons enow."

So forth they fared together up the glorious Alpine way,
Where newly now the kindling east led on the golden day.
The sun that mounted with them, as he rose in all his pride,
Still saw the stranger toiling on, Hans Euler for his guide.

They climbed the mountain summit; and behold! the Alpine world
Showed clear and bright before them, 'neath the mists that upward curled.
Below them, calm and happy, lay the valley in her rest,
With the chalets in her arms, and with their dwellers on her breast.

Amidst were sparkling waters; giant chasms, scarred and riven;
Vast crowning woods; and over all, the pure, blest air of heaven:
And, sacred in the sight of God, where peace her treasures spread,
On every hearth, on every home, the soul of freedom shed!

Both gazed in solemn silence down. The stranger stayed his hand.
Hans Euler gently pointed to his own beloved land:
"'Twas this thy brother threatened; such a wrong might move me well.
'Twas in such a cause I struggled:—'twas for such a fault he fell."

The stranger paused; then, turning, looked Hans Euler in the face;
The arm that would have raised the sword fell powerless in its place.
"You slew him. Was it, then, for this—for home and father-land?
Forgive me! 'Twas a righteous cause. Hans Euler, there's my hand!"

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

The Greek Ambassador.

"I say, Trevyllian, such fun!—the people have never seen your uniform, and there will not be the least difficulty in persuading them that you are the diplomatic representative of the new Hellenic monarchy. Will you play the part for one night only? Say yes, and we shall have such a lark as never was seen."

This speech was addressed to me in a ball-room in the distant colony of Transmarina, the particular locality of which can be found in any "Gazetteer." The glare of the chandeliers lighted up faces a shade more tawny perhaps than are usually seen in the British Isles; but there was no lack of beauty, and the soft crushing of crinolines, and the hum of conversation partly drowned by the tuning up of fiddles and other instruments, formed, in my young ears, a delightful prelude to the coming fray.

"Decide!" said Screech, the gentleman who spoke above.

I was admiring a very pretty girl, the daughter of the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, and my friend Screech, a naval officer, was obliged to repeat his interesting proposition.

"I shall be delighted, my dear fellow," said I, when I had heard him to the end; "but I can't speak a word of Greek. At school, like Bonaparte in Russia, as Brummel remarked—I was 'stopped by the elements.'"

"No matter—talk French."

"Can't. I'll do you a little broken English, if you like."

"Just as good—come along. Allow me, Sir Piper Timkins, to present to you his Excellency Count Polu-phlois-boi-o Thalasses, ambassador from his Majesty the King of the Greeks to——"

The rest was inaudible; but Sir Piper bowing low, expressed the great pleasure he felt in making the acquaintance of so distinguished a functionary, and to my great relief, did it in the vernacular. My reply was brief, and sufficiently disjointed to pass muster.

"He is a nasty upstart little brute," remarked Screech, *sotto voce*, "and to please the pigs, we'll lead him a regular dance. He is detested in the colony. You'll see how he'll stick up to you; for though he tries to snub his inferiors, his deference to those above him is disgusting. Come, we'll march down the room; the band is playing 'See the Conquering Hero,' which suits exactly; and Whymper and Topham are bearing down before us, announcing, in a loud whisper, your exalted title and dignity."

As we proceeded through the crowded but spacious saloon, I could perceive that I excited a sensation in my new uniform (strictly according to the sealed patterns,) but here quite unknown, for the——had never been quartered in Transmarina. The people stood up on either side as my approach, a lane was formed for me to pass through, and eyes, eye-glasses, and spectacles scrutinized my appearance in the most interesting manner. To say the truth, I looked the character very well, being (spare my blushes) decidedly handsome, as well as possessing much dignity of deportment, though rather young to fill so high a post as that of ambassador plenipotentiary from his Majesty the King of the Greeks.

When we had made a circuit of the room, I stood on the dais at the upper end in a graceful attitude, and said, in a tolerably loud tone, "Bring nat girl up to me for to dance."

All eyes were at once turned towards the pretty daughter of the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, for my little finger had indicated that choice. There was a rush of palming puppies to escort the lady, and the charming little creature curtsied as she accepted me for "The Lancers."

Sir Piper, who was a short fat man, with a very pale but rather pimply face, came up biting the end of his straw-colored kid glove, and asked, in a nervous tone, if "I would do him the honor to be his *vis-a vis* in a set?"

I bowed acquiescence, and Sir Piper went in search of a partner.

Now it so happened that Sir Piper had not ingratiated himself with the young ladies of Transmarina—the consequence of which was that he failed to produce the article he wanted in the specified time, and, indeed, came up during the middle of the second figure, in a great state of excitement, for Screech had told him that "his Excellency" was very angry indeed. He made a lengthened apology. I had provided myself in his absence, and so accepted his explanation. He again asked for the honor of dancing in my set; and after a little hesitation, I agreed to allow him to do so. But Sir Piper a second time failed to secure a partner. I waited for him, and lost the dance purposely. He found me sitting on a sofa frowning angrily. He made an abject apology. After listening in silence for some time, I told him he had behaved most improperly, and that only for his assertion that he could get no young lady to dance with him, I should have treated the matter as a direct and premeditated insult to his Majesty the King of the Greeks.

Would any one believe his next step? It was no other than to sidle himself on to the sofa beside me, and, after a short preface, to ask for a place in the Legation!

"Pray, sare, can you talkee Greek?"

"No, your Excellency; but I could learn."

"You speak—a—Fraench?"

"No, your Excellency, I cannot."

"What foreign lankwidge do you know?"

"None, your Excellency."

"Then, sare," said I, very severely, "what ze deyvil do you mean by asking for to be attach to ze Embassy?"

Sir Piper looked up quickly and very timidly, through his spectacles, but had not a word to say. I frowned horribly, rose from the sofa, walked over to Screech, who was standing not far off, and who, by the way, had suggested my course of proceeding, and began talking mysteriously to him. We looked at the disconcerted Sir Piper from time to time. I walked to the dais, ordered another pretty young lady out, and danced a round dance, while Sir Piper's heart was chilled to the core by some remarks which fell from Screech.

"You have grossly insulted his Excellency," was the first observation my friend made. "You have disappointed him in a dance, done him out of another, and you have had the astounding effrontery to petition for a post in the Legation, when you cannot speak a word of any foreign language. Sir Piper! Sir Piper! you have behaved most improperly; you have not only insulted his Excellency Count Peluphleisboio Thalasses, but the whole Grecian nation! And what will be the consequence, considering the fiery nature of the Hellenic race, and that of his Excellency the Ambassador in particular, it is impossible to foresee; but that they must have a serious bearing against youself, you may rest perfectly assured."

Cold perspiration broke from Sir Piper's brow; he sought the refreshment-room to partake of some stimulant, and to consider the possibility of making a sudden and secret retreat from the ball-room by a circuitous route.

Screech, suspecting his design, told him that his Excellency "wished to see him at the conclusion of the dance." Sir Piper nearly fainted. He bolted into the cloak-room at once, and in his agitation lost the ticket which gave him a right to claim an Inverness cape. In an attempt to find the garment, his eyes chanced to turn to a solitary chair near the door. Horror of horrors! there sat his Excellency the Greek Ambassador, with a determined air watching him like a lynx. Sir Piper produced his pocket-handkerchief—approached—blew his nose violently, and was on the point of rushing past me to the door—when I called out in a loud voice, "Stop!"

He looked round and saw the muzzle of a blunderbuss peeping out from under my overcoat. I had taken my coat and cap into the dancing-room, and had hid them behind a curtain, so as to avoid the delay and confusion which sometimes take place in a cloak-room, and was therefore ready for departure before my friend Sir Piper.

Sir Piper came back, and sank down beside me with a fascinated expression in his eyes.

"Sir," said I, "you have insult me and ze wholl nazion of ze Greeks!"

"I really did not mean it, your Excellency. I implore your Excellency's pardon. I did not intend—I never thought—I—I—I."

"'Tis too late, sare; you have wound my pride. We most shoot each ze oder, ezer ze two or ze ven!"

Sir Piper stared at me in a hopeless state of terror, and presently skipped out of a neighboring window, which happened to be open, with greater agility than I should have expected from a person of his age and appearance.

People have since told me that no one but a very young and reckless fellow would have behaved as I did on that memorable night. I believe they are right. *I* skipped out of the window after Sir Piper. He was caught in his own trap. There was no outlet from the sort of yard into which he had got; and Sir Piper was in the position of a stag at bay. His bearing, however, was not so defiant, and really it is scarcely fair to censure him. I am a formidable-looking young man. I was also possessed of a very ferocious-looking weapon, which, at a short range, was capable of blowing a large breach in an elderly gentleman's person, or of filling him with a sufficient number of slugs to make him feel uncomfortable when retiring for the night. He proposed to make a written apology. I decided upon touching for first shot. The blunderbuss was not loaded, but fortune favored me: Sir Piper was to shoot last! He went down on his knees and clasped his hands. He presented the most absurd appearance. He was half under the shadow of a sort of mock-castle of considerable height, which had a painted conical roof. The moon shone on his agonized face and flashed on his spectacles. Suddenly an idea came into my head.

"Sir Piper," said I, lowering the muzzle of the blunderbuss, "I'll gif-e-you one chance. If you will beg-e-my pardon on ze top of zat house of most, I will for-gif-e-you."

The thing appeared impracticable even for me, but Sir Piper scrambled up in no time, sat on the apex at the top, and in the most piteous way implored forgiveness for insulting his Excellency the Ambassador of the King of the Greeks.

"For goodness sake, *do* come down, my dear fellow," said I, dropping my weapon, "or you will kill me with laughter."

It was a second or two before Sir Piper could comprehend. He at length scrambled from his perch and dropped on to the paved surface of the yard. I thought I perceived symptoms of rising ill temper on the part of Sir Piper, when I explained to him who I really was, upon which I said:

"Sir Piper, this story will tell against you more than against me; but if you mention what has occurred, I really *will* shoot you."

Screech was much amused; and when the story oked out, all Transmarina was in ecstasies. Count Peluphleisboio Thalasses made his escape from the colony next morning; but he has since gained the friendship of Sir Piper Timkins, who, though conscious of the mysterious influence which Mr. Trevyllian has over him, laughs as much as any one at the story of the "GREEK AMBASSADOR." Z.

P.S.—I have since married the daughter of the Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General of Transmarina, and having taken serious practical views of life, have left off practical joking.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

SYDNEY'S SURMISES.

Miss Scott was sorely distraught both in manner and mind, for all her normal steadiness and self-possession, and for all her experience of this species of light skirmishing, till she could get Theo alone, and relieve her feelings by speech.

"He never hinted to me that he was there last night," she began, "those old cats of aunts of his watch him so closely."

Theo felt herself to be the meanest of all impostors, knowing so well as she did the one who had been "there" last night. For an instant she felt tempted to make a clean breast of it: the next instant she felt tempted to do nothing of the kind.

"It's useless mincing the matter," Sydney went on (there was this great bliss in conversing with her, she never waited for your answers) —"It's useless mincing the matter; he's immeasely fond of me, I can see that; and I have never made a mistake yet," she continued, with a large air of experience, so large an air in fact that it might have been gained from the passionate and apparent attachment of the whole army, nothing less. "If he does not know his own mind before I go, though, I can't be expected to wait till he does, can I?"

This was a downright question; besides, Miss Scott had to pause for more breath; therefore Theo said, "certainly not."

"Certainly not," Sydney repeated after her, with a mocking emphasis; "you're like every other girl in the world, ready to agree to anything that one doesn't want you to agree to; I didn't expect spite from you, Theo."

"You will never get it either. I am not quite sure what I ought to say to you about Frank Burgoyne if I only knew what to say, I'm sure I'd say it."

"You're very kind, uncommonly kind; now, Theo, have I ever come in your way? I ask you, have I ever taken away one of your gentlemen?"

Theo laughed. "I never had any in my possession to be taken away?"

"Then you *can't* be jealous of me."

"I am not indeed," Theo replied heartily.

"Ah! I am delighted at that," Sydney said, in a tone in which disappointment would make itself heard. "I'm delighted at that; there is nothing that would be so odious to me as the idea of making any one jealous of me. I couldn't bear it; oh! I wouldn't do it, not on any account, if I could help it. I have done it sometimes unconsciously, for men *will* like me, you know; of course that's pleasant, but the other is horrible, isn't it?"

"Very pleasant—I mean very horrible; oh, yes, I quite agree with you."

"I can see Mrs. Galton hates me," Sydney said, letting her hair down before the glass, and trying the effect of a different arrangement. It was always gratifying to Miss Scott to think that Mrs. or Miss anybody else hated her.

"Why should she hate you?" Theo asked.

"That's what I say to myself!—why should she? But she *does*, any one can see with half a glance. I'm not going to be put down by Mrs. Galton, though: she could have slain me to-day when he handed me the butter at luncheon."

"You don't suppose she wanted all the butter, do you?" Theo asked, laughing.

"No, it wasn't that; she didn't like to see Frank paying me so much attention. The butter indeed! how absurd you are, Theo! You must have seen her look. Ouf! she glared like a pretty-faced cat; I'm sure, though, there ought to be no question of cutting out in the matter; *she* is a married woman, and I have never attempted to cut her out."

Theo tried very hard to interest herself in Sydney's surmises. It seemed ill-natured not to do so. Theo had perfectly recovered from the little sore feeling that came over her on that first day when Frank Burgoyne had paused on his path to her to provide nuts for Miss Scott.

"Then you really feel that he likes you, dear, and you are sure you like him?" she said, sympathetically. Sydney, however, was not one to care for the tone sympathetic—it threw too serious a hue over all things.

"Oh! I don't know about 'really feeling' and 'being sure;' how can one be sure of anything, especially when a man is hedged in between a lot of old aunts?"

"It is ridiculous to speak of the Burgoynes in that way; Ethel is very little older than we are, if she is at all."

"I don't want to say a word against them, only I hate being watched and glared at as if I were the most outrageous flirt in the universe." Sydney fervently prayed at this juncture that Theo might say she "thought she was;" but Theo neither thought nor said it. Her friend's ambition had not been fully fathomed by her yet, and even had it been Theo Leigh was too conscientious to gratify it.

"Did they glare at you too? I thought Mrs. Galton did the glaring? And all this fierceness was thrown away upon me; I wish I had seen it, Sydney."

"I wish you had, because it is great fun to see a lot of women spiteful to choking point, and unable to help themselves; Frank would go on, you know."

"Go on what?—handing you the butter?"

"Paying me attention generally, Theo," Sydney replied loftily. "If you didn't see it for yourself, I am not the one to tell you about it. I detest talking about myself. What shall you wear to-morrow? I shall be pale, and go in pink."

"You *will* be pale."

"Yes; I turn very pale at night if I am at all thoughtful, and I shall be thoughtful to-morrow," Sydney replied, deciding on her *role* for the morrow with the gravity of a judge; "and one white flower in my hair; bother this sudden move of going back to Bretford just as I have got used to all your aunt's vagaries!"

"I am sure my aunt would be glad to keep you longer, if you'll stay. I must go back with my father; he wants me, and I want him. I have been away from him too long already," she continued sadly.

"Then of course you must go; and it won't matter whether you do or not if Frank proposes to me, for then I can go and stay at Maddington," Sydney replied, suffering her selfishness to crop out in the frankest manner; "and if he doesn't, why then the sooner I get away the better, for I should be bored out of my life here: isn't mine a charming philosophy?"

"Very charming indeed—what there is of it; the philosophical portion of your speech was microscopic, though."

"Perhaps you will like the philosophy of the one I am about to make better. I always make the best of things; I shall make the best of my house when I've one of my own, by having you there as much as possible. That's rather a pretty speech from one woman to another now! I wouldn't say it to any other girl in the world than you, Theo," Sydney said brightly, in blest oblivion of the scores of school companions and friends of later days to whom in moments of confidence the like speeches had been made by her.

"Very pretty indeed, and very nice of you; if you could mention at once in what direction your house is likely to be I could take a yearly ticket on that line, and so be in a position to run down to you often," Theo said, smiling.

"Rather witty, and more than rather vicious," Sydney replied coolly. "Well, women are all alike! even you have the taint, Theo; you're a wee bit, I won't say 'annoyed,' but 'astonished' at my being so liked. Shall I wear my hair turned back or over my forehead to-morrow night?"

"You look very well with it either way."

"Do I really now," Sydney exclaimed with the freshest delight; "no one is less conceited than I am; I never thought myself pretty for a minute in my life; I wonder other people do, don't you?"

"Think you pretty?—yes."

"No: wonder at other people thinking me so; they *say* they think me so at least. I don't believe them. Of course I know that I am not hideous, but then my mouth is wide, you know (don't you hate a button-mouth? *I* do), and my nose isn't quite straight, and, as Hargrave says, I have ever so much more mind in my forehead than any Greek statue that was ever chiselled."

"I agree with Mr. Hargrave; and your nose is nicer than any stupid straight one."

"Oh, you're delicious, Theo! you're not a bit like other girls, making people uncomfortable whenever they can. *I* think *you* charming, and I don't mind telling you so; but then I very seldom meet with any one, like myself and you, who is equally open and above any little paltry jealousy." Sydney pranced about the room as she spoke, with her head aloft and her face flushed with excitement. The sound of her own praises was to her as the smell of powder to the young war-horse.

"Hargrave, you must know, Theo, abominates anything statuesque in real life, and his tastes is perfect—oh! perfect. He always says, 'Fancy waltzing with the Venus of Milo, or having a Juno to pour out your tea.'"

"No, I can't fancy his doing the one with the Venus, or Juno doing the other for him," Theo replied, laughing as a vision of the crisp carroty locks, and the stiffly-carried head which surmounted the well set-up form of the gallant young officer rose up before her. "It's quite a treat to hear you speak of Hargrave though, Sydney; he has been absent from your conversation for a long time."

"He has; not only absent from my conversation, but from the country; he is in Dublin now, going to Lords-Lieutenant's balls, and flirting with Irish girls, probably. He *was* very nice, though," she continued seriously, "so nice that I should not wonder, dear, at your falling in love with him if you saw much of him. When I have a house of my own you shall see a good deal of him; he will be safe to like a friend of mine."

"Poor Hargrave! if he could hear you, how gratified he would be; can't you let him manage matters for himself for the future?"

"Theo, I only meant it kindly toward you," Sydney replied, with severe gravity. "I should not benefit by it at all, further than the benefit it would be to me to see two people of whom I am fond—yes, very fond—happy together."

Theo looked at her wonderingly.

"She really believes herself for the moment," Miss Leigh thought; "she plays so many little harmless parts, and rushes into them all with such spirit, that she really believes herself; she is quite exalted now."

Presently Sydney came down from her temporary pedestal, and resumed the manner of every-day life.

"I won't be so selfish as to keep you here talking any longer, dear, for I'm so sleepy that I can hardly keep my eyes open, and if I don't go to bed now they will be heavy to-morrow with too late sleep. Now go, I won't be selfish enough to keep you a minute longer. Good-night,—and, Theo, dear, if you do see Ann, tell her I'd like some biscuits and a glass of sherry. I'm tired."

That evening, while Theo had been sitting, listening to her friend's frivolous surmises, Harold Ffrench had received a telegram, and had started off at once in what appeared to the Burgoynes a most extraordinary state of excitement at an answer to it.

"I have received news from town which will take me away by the next train," he said to Lord Lesborough in a broken, altered voice; and when Lord Lesborough said, "Dear me, no bad news I hope, my dear Harold," he could only say in a bewildered manner that he "did not know yet."

Nor did he in truth. Once before he had received a somewhat similar telegram, and he had acted upon the supposition of its truth, to his own lasting remorse, and Theo's lasting sorrow, he feared. The former telegram had told him of the death of his wife, this one which he now held in his hand told him that she was dying.

He dared not believe it, he endeavored not to hope that it was true. And he failed! From the bottom of his heart there rose up a big prayer that would be prayed—a prayer that, fervent as it was, mingled itself with the gurgling of waters, with the sound of the soft Greek tongue, with the noise of a cry that had burst from his soul through his lips years, years ago, when a veil had been torn down by a mistakenly impassioned hand.

If that prayer were realised! If that prayer were only realised! "My God!" he thought, "what a vista opens before me, for the girl loves me still."

He went off, and took his ticket, and wrapped himself up in a corner in his railway rug, just as though his journey were one of the common-place things toward a common-place goal which men take every day. Went off and took his ticket, and started on the journey towards death and liberty about the same time that Theo was hearing that Sydney would wear pink and be pale on the following day, and praying God to give her grace to bring sunshine on her father's heart once more, if it might be that the option of doing so should be offered her.

It was in the dull grey morning that the train by which he was travelling reached the London terminus. The out-look over the house-tops of that east-end district, that he had had as the carriages crept slowly home, was a disheartening one. All was murky and cheerless, cold, ugly, raw, and uncomfortable that morning in the world (so much of it as he could see) and in his own heart.

Life was not up and doing in the homesteads of that business locality yet, save in a few instances. Still looking at those houses over which hung that deep air of all being at a standstill within, which marks the exterior of the abode where all are sleeping; looking at these houses, steeped in quiet as they were, gave him no sense of rest, no respite from that soul-fatigue which was bowing him down. He called to mind—the carriages the while lazily creeping home—early hours that he had known in other scenes, when his heart had been hotter than now it was, and sorrow and waiting had been harder things to endure. Hours when the night, the dark gloomy night, had merged into a clear, gray, bright childhood of young morn, that found him standing on some hill, perhaps, at the foot of which a village wrapped in slumbers lay. Hours which had brightened imperceptibly, and brought a certain soft peace to his soul as the grayish tints grew warmer, and a little shade of pink came over the east, and blushed away the mists in a way that made him know that hour to be the maidenhood of day. Hours when life, the sleeping life around him, had awakened up, thrilled into being as it seemed by that blush, when action had resumed its sway, and rest had been rather softly laid aside than broken rudely. Such hours he had known often:—how often!—and he passed many of them in review before him as the train crept slowly home over the summits of sordid-looking houses, which in their grim repose gave him no sense of rest, but only of stagnation.

There was an hour in his past that was given back to him more vividly than the others which he remembered. Memory has an artist's hand very often; she photographs a something," and then touches it deftly with gorgeous tints, with tender accuracy, with loving skill. She brought him back such an hour now: she touched it in such a way: she galvanized that golden hour from the past!—between the taking of the tickets and the final stopping of the train.

This was the scene, bereft of the tints by which memory enriched it: this was the hour, devoid of the color and glow?

He was a boy! Not that, for the law allowed him just three days ago the honors and dignity of manhood; but a boy in heart and feeling, though his years were twenty-one. A great indignant cry, followed up by cantos of melodious strains, had throbbed over from the land of classic story, to the university at which he had been studying. The time for doing this was over now (at the hour I speak of,) and he was on his way to "Greece and the struggle for liberty;" that was all, he thought. In reality he was hastening forward to the worst of bondage and slavery.

There was with him one who had been his sworn friend and comrade through numerous school-boy joys and sorrows, through various college difficulties, through so much of the weal and woe of life as either of them had yet known. A sharp, brilliant young fellow, this latter, a year or two older than Harold; a man with a limitless faith in himself, and that which he was destined to achieve; likewise with a limitless faith in the folly or the vice of the rest of the world.

Such the *dramatis personæ*. The scene was the deck of the yacht. Time, that moment when the purple-pink hue broke over the brow of the morning, and blushed away the mists that had prevailed before.

They were on deck together. Harold, then the more active, as he was ever the more impassioned, of the two, was leaning over the bulwark, looking eagerly along towards the east, gazing with his soul in his eyes at the first sign of the sun-burst which should presently flame the sea, flood the scene with living gold. The other man, his friend, was lying down by his side, and both were silent, and the heart of one (of the one who now recalled that hour) was very full of the glory of the world God has made, and of faith in the goodness of the creatures He has placed in it.

Well! that hour and its illusions were long past; nothing was left to him now, save the memory of it.

The train stopped: even that memory was gone.

He stepped out on the platform shiveringly, and looked round for a porter to fetch him a cab, while he endeavored to get himself a cup of coffee. As he did so, a man rushed past him from a carriage that was farther back than the one he had occupied—a man whose gait and figure he seemed to know. But he did not pause to think more about the man, whose face he had not seen. The atmosphere was close even under shelter on that chill, foggy morning, and his mind was troubled about matters on his

portant that they had the power to cast out all thoughts of possible acquaintances.

He had to take a long dreary drive through a wretched part of London, and then another train for a short distance in order to reach the suburb where lived the woman, if still she lived, who was his wife. As fate would have it, the sole cab that could be found for him was a four-wheeled one, drawn by a horse about which there could be no manner of doubt. A horse whose head was so low in the world, and whose knees were so hopelessly broken and swollen, would be safe to miss every train his unhappy "fare" might be desirous to save. However, there was no other cab to be taken, so he took this, and went away at an excruciating jog-trot that was worse than a walk, inasmuch as it was no faster, and jolted him more severely.

Huge drays lumbered up at every corner to obstruct him, gigantic loads of cabbages perpetually blocked the way, the earliest of all butcher's-boys locked his wheel in a fast embrace, and then swore at his well-meaning but unquestionably irritating driver for full five minutes. He was taken down a very "short cut," and when at the extreme end he was ignominiously draughted back again, because the "road was up." The horse grew lamer every minute, the driver more considerate to that luckless quadruped. The busy stream of life poured faster and faster through the streets every instant. London had shaken off slumber as far as his eye could penetrate, and every one was going the usual pace but himself.

Delay was awful to endure; he had never known aught so slow as this progress he was making, save a day's old Times or an evening party. Delay was maddening, for she who had injured him so might die deeming him cruel at the last.

He would get out and walk; he would hail the first hansom. This was a good thought, a bright thought; it irradiated two long streets in the which no hansom could be found. They either did not grow in those regions, or at that hour; anyway he could not see one, look out of which window he would.

He gained the station from which he had to take the train for a short distance at last, and then he found that the train he had hoped to catch was gone, but that in half an hour there would be another; so there was more waiting to be done. More waiting, and more writhing under the consciousness that he might stab at the last, the solemn "last," and be misjudged.

That half-hour passed, the brief journey was over soon, and at the station at which he alighted he found a hansom and a horse that was not lame. The day was clear and bright now, well on her way to her first grand junction, the breakfast hour of the great majority. But his spirits and his brow could not clear and brighten in company with her. He was afraid to think or hope, in fact, and he could not help doing both.

A sharp drive through a street or two of houses, which you cannot pass without marvelling who on earth can live in them, they are so devoid of all purpose in point of architecture, so guileless of design in their turrets, which are far too tiny for any one to harbor the thought for an instant that a room lives inside those symmetrically arranged bricks—up a stupendous hill that rises right away out of these streets in a way that suggests to you that if ever you have a spite against the denizens of these latter you can go up there with a proper apparatus and pour a sufficient quantity of molten lead upon their dwellings with extraordinary effect—and then across a common, the last thing between himself and those abodes of pretentious suburban bliss, in one of which he was going to meet his wife.

We have seen this man only as a lover, as Theo Leigh's lover, heretofore; we shall now see a little of him as a husband.

The garden gate of the "villa residence" where she who had borne his name, and had the power to keep that name sacred or to dishonor it, as the case might be, had lived, stood open when he reached it, and on the gravel-path that led up to the door there were the marks of a pair of wheels, double marks—they had been, and they had returned. He saw them without remarking them, and his own hansom wheels crushed these previous ones out with speed as he dashed up to the door.

The door was opened to him in a second by a pallid boy, whose trembling fingers had refused to adjust his jacket round his young person with that perfect propriety which it is the ambition of a "Buttons" to achieve. Harold Ffrench stepped over the threshold, through the portiere, into a carpeted hall—out of the fresh, clear winter air into an atmosphere that was made up, God knows of what! There was an unearthly sweetness, a languid fragrance about it, that he had never met with before.

He went on—he had not seen her for years; he went on, knowing now that she was dying.

The door of a room was open opposite to the head of the flight of stairs by which he ascended to look his last upon her. He went through it, and then he paused for a minute, and, with his head bowed upon his hands, prayed for strength to bear whatever he might see, whatever he might hear. Then very reverentially he approached the couch shrouded by silken curtains, on which lay that the existence of which had clouded Theo Leigh's life; approached it at the signal of a man who rose from his knees at her side—a priest of her own faith, of the Greek Church, to which she had returned of late years: and so, after long years, once more he looked on the face of his wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TRUE LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to live. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship that forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

☞ Wit is like much beauty, a doubtful blessing, and like great strength, a dangerous one.

OUR SAINTS.

A heartfelt smile, a gentle tone,
A thoughtful word, a tender touch,
A passing act of kindness done,
'Tis all, but it is much.

The motions of a heart set free
From all-absorbing, selfish care,
A sweet concern that seems to me
Like an unspoken prayer.

A look that reads the inmost heart,
Yet not with scrutiny severe,
Nor as of one who sits apart,
Nor knows our pain and fear;

But as of one who, feeling all
That we have felt, of sweet or sad,
Has right to burst our sorrow's thrall,
And bid us still be glad.

These are not things to win applause;
No earthly fame awaiteth such;
Yet surely by the heavenly laws
They are accounted much.

Much in a world where fret and strain
Wear daily on each finer sense;
Much to the heart whose secret pain
Draws help, it knows not whence;

Much to the faithless soul that heeds
No truth that reason cannot prove;
For better than a thousand creeds
Is the sweet work of love.

And they who give without restraint
Such gifts, and ask them not again;
What is there in the name of saint
That they should not obtain?

I think the angels in their height
Might look to earth and envy them,
And bend from out the spheres of light
To touch their garments' hem.

And that to brighter realms unknown
Some joy, perchance, they may impart;
For He who sits upon the throne
Once blessed the pure in heart. H. N. E.

REPRESSION.

[In the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is an article by Mrs. Stowe, which is calculated to do so much good that we cannot refrain from laying the greater portion of it before our readers:]

I was twenty-one when I stood as groomsman for my youngest and favorite sister Emily. I remember her now as she stood at the altar,—a pale, sweet, flowery face, in a half-shimmer between smiles and tears, looking out of vapory clouds of gauze and curls and all the vanishing mysteries of a bridal morning.

Everybody thought the marriage such a fortunate one!—for her husband was handsome and manly, a man of worth, of principle good as gold and solid as adamant,—and Emmy had always been such a flossy little kitten of a pet, so full of all sorts of impulses, so sensitive and nervous, we thought her kind, strong, composed, stately husband made just on purpose for her. "It was quite a Providence," sighed all the elderly ladies, who sniffed tenderly, and wiped their eyes, according to approved custom, during the marriage ceremony.

I remember now the bustle of the day,—the confused whirl of white gloves, kisses, bridemaids, and bride-cakes, the losing of trunk-keys and breaking of lacings, the tears of mamma—God bless her!—and the jokes of irreverent Christopher, who could, for the life of him, see nothing so very dismal in the whole phantasmagoria, and only wished he were as well off himself.

And so Emmy was wheeled away from us on the bridal tour, when her letters came back to us almost every day, just like herself, merry, frisky little bits of scratches—as full of little nonsense-beads as a glass of Champagne, and all ending with telling us how perfect he was, and how good, and how well he took care of her, and how happy, etc., etc.

Then came letters from her new home. His house was not yet built; but while it was building, they were to live with his mother, who was "such a good woman," and his sisters, who were also "such nice women."

But somehow, after this, a change came over Emmy's letters. They grew shorter; they seemed measured in their words; and in place of sparkling nonsense and bubbling outbursts of glee, came anxiously worded praises of her situation and surroundings, evidently written for the sake of arguing herself into the belief that she was extremely happy.

John, of course, was not as much with her now: he had his business to attend to, which took him away all day, and at night he was very tired. Still he was very good and thoughtful of her, and how thankful she ought to be! And his mother was very good indeed, and did all for her that she could reasonably expect,—of course she could not be like her own mamma; and Mary and Jane were very kind—"in their way," she wrote, but scratched it out, and wrote over it, "very kind indeed." They were the best people in the world—a great deal better than she was; and she should try to learn a great deal from them.

"Poor little Em!" I said to myself, "I am afraid these very nice people are slowly freezing and starving her." And so, as I was going up into the mountains for a summer tour, I thought I would accept some of John's many invitations and stop a day or two with them on my way, and see how matters stood. John had been known among us in college as a taciturn fellow, but good as gold. I had gained his friendship by a regular siege, carrying parallel after parallel, till, when I came into the fort at last, I found the treasures worth taking.

I had little difficulty in finding Squire Evans's house. It was *the* house of the village—a true, model, New England house—a square, roomy, old-fashioned mansion, which stood on a hillside under a group of great, breezy old elms, whose wide, wind-swung arms arched over it like a leafy firmament. Under this bower the substantial white house, with all its window-blinds closed, with its neat white fences all tight and trim, stood in its faultless green turfy yard, a perfect Pharisee among houses. It looked like a house all finished, done, completed, labelled, and set on a shelf for preservation; but, as is usual with this kind of edifice in our dear New England, it had not the slightest appearance of being lived in, not a door or window open, not a wink or blink of life: the only suspicion of human habitation was the thin, pale-blue smoke from the kitchen-chimney.

And now for the people in the house.

In making a New England visit in winter, was it ever your fortune to be put to sleep in the glacial spare-chamber, that had been kept from time immemorial as a refrigerator for guests—that room which no ray of daily sunshine and daily living ever warms, whose blinds are closed the whole year round, whose fireplace knows only the complimentary blaze which is kindled a few moments before bed-time in an atmosphere where you can see your breath? Do you remember the process of getting warm in a bed of most faultless material, with linen sheets and pillow-cases, slippery and cold as ice? You did get warm at last, but you warmed your bed by giving out all the heat of your own body.

Such are some families where you visit. They are of the very best quality, like your sheets, but so cold that it takes all the vitality you have to get them warmed up to the talking-point. You think, the first hour after your arrival, that they must have heard some report to your disadvantage, or that you misunderstood your letter of invitation, or that you came on the wrong day; but no, you find in due course that you *were* invited, you were expected, and they are doing for you the best they know how, and treating you as they suppose a guest ought to be treated.

If you are a warm-hearted, jovial fellow, and go on feeling your way discreetly, you gradually thaw quite a little place round yourself in the domestic circle, till, by the time you are ready to leave, you really begin to think it is agreeable to stay, and resolve that you will come again. They are nice people; they like you; at least you have got to feeling at home with them.

Three months after, you go to see them again, when lo! there you are, back again just where you were at first. The little spot which you had thawed out is frozen over again, and again you spend all your visit in thawing it and getting your hosts limbered and in a state for comfortable converse.

The first evening that I spent in the wide, roomy front-parlor, with Judge Evans, his wife, and daughters, fully accounted for the change in Emmy's letters. Rooms, I verily believe, get saturated with the aroma of their spiritual atmosphere; and there are some so stately, so correct, that they would paralyze even the friskiest kitten or the most impudent Scotch terrier. At a glance, you perceive, on entering, that nothing but correct deportment, an erect posture, and strictly didactic conversation is possible there.

The family, in fact, were all eminently didactic, bent on improvement, laboriously useful. Not a good work or charitable enterprise could put forth its head in the neighborhood, of which they were not the support and life. Judge Evans was the stay and staff of the village and township of ——; he bore up the pillars thereof. Mrs. Evans was known in the gates for all the properties and deeds of the virtuous woman, as set forth by Solomon; the heart of her husband did safely trust in her. But when I saw them, that evening, sitting, in erect propriety, in their respective corners each side of the great, stately fireplace, with its tall, glistening brass andirons, its mantel adorned at either end with plated candlesticks, with the snuffer-tray in the middle,—she so collectedly measuring her words, talking in all those well-worn grooves of correct conversation which are designed, as the phrase goes, to "entertain strangers," and the Misses Evans, in the best of grammar and rhetoric, and in most proper time and way possible, showing themselves for what they were, most high-principled, well-informed, intelligent women,—I set myself to speculate on the cause of the extraordinary sensation of stiffness and restraint which pervaded me, as if I had been dipped in some petrifying spring and was beginning to feel myself slightly crusting over on the exterior.

This kind of conversation is such as admits quite easily of one's carrying on another course of thought within; and so, as I found myself like a machine, striking in now and then in good time and tune, I looked at Judge Evans, sitting there so serene, self-poised, and cold, and began to wonder if he had ever been a boy, a young man,—if Mrs. Evans ever was a girl,—if he was ever in love with her, and what he did when he was.

I thought of the lock of Emmy's hair which I had observed in John's writing-desk in the days when he was falling in love with her,—of sundry little movements in which at awkward moments I had detected my grave and serious gentleman when I had stumbled accidentally upon the pair in moonlight strolls or retired corners,—and wondered whether the models of propriety before me had ever been convicted of any such human weaknesses. Now, to be sure, I could as soon imagine the stately tongs to walk up and kiss the shovel as conceive of any such bygone effusion in those dignified individuals. But how did they get acquainted? how came they ever to be married?

I looked at John, and thought I saw him gradually stiffening and subsiding into the very image of his father. As near as a young fellow of twenty-five can resemble an old one of sixty-two, he was growing to be exactly like him, with the same upright carriage, the same silence and reserve. Then I looked at Emmy: she, too, was changed,—she, the wild little pet, all of whose pretty individualities were dear to us,—that little unpunctuated scrap of life's poetry, full of little exceptions referable to no exact rule, only to be tolerated under the wide score of poetic license. Now, as she sat between the two Misses Evans, I thought I could detect a bored, anxious expression on her little mobile face,—an involuntary watchfulness and self-consciousness, as if she were trying to be good on some quite new pattern. She seemed nervous about some of my jokes, and her eye went apprehensively to her mother-in-law in the corner; she tried hard to laugh and make things go merrily for me; she seemed sometimes to look an apology for me to them, and then again for them to me. For myself, I felt that perverse inclination to shock people which sometimes comes over one in such situations. I had a great mind to draw Emmy on to my knee and commence a brotherly romp with her, to give John a thump on his very upright back, and to propose to one of the Misses Evans to strike up a waltz, and get the parlor into a general whirl, before the very face and eyes of propriety in the corner: but "the spirits" were too strong for me; I couldn't do it.

I remembered the innocent, saucy freedom with which Emmy used to treat her John in the days of their engagement,—the little ways, half loving, half mischievous, in which she alternately petted and domineered over him. *Now* she called him "Mr. Evans," with an anxious affectation of matronly gravity. Had they been lecturing her into these conjugal proprieties? Probably not. I felt sure, by what I now experienced in myself, that, were I to live in that family one week, all such little deviations from the one accepted pattern of propriety would fall off, like many-colored sumach-leaves after the first hard frost. I began to feel myself slowly stiffening, my courage getting gently chilly. I tried to tell a story, but had to mangle it greatly, because I felt in the air around me that parts of it were too vernacular and emphatic; and then, as a man who is freezing makes desperate efforts to throw off the spell, and finds his brain beginning to turn, so I was beginning to be slightly insane, and was haunted with a desire to say some horribly improper or wicked thing which should start them all out of their chairs. Though never given to profane expressions, I perfectly hankered to let out a certain round, unvarnished, wicked word, which I knew would create a tremendous commotion on the surface of this enchanted mill-pond,—in fact, I was so afraid that I should make some such mad demonstration, that I rose at an early hour and begged leave to retire. Emmy sprang up with apparent relief, and offered to get my candle and marshal me to my room.

When she had ushered me into the chilly hospitality of that stately apartment, she seemed suddenly disenchanted. She set down the candle, ran to me, fell on my neck, nestled her little head under my coat, laughing and crying, and calling me her dear old boy; she pulled my whiskers, pinched my ear, rummaged my pockets, danced round me in a sort of wild joy, stunning me with a volley of questions, without stopping to hear the answer to one of them; in short, the wild little elf of old days seemed suddenly to come back to me, as I sat down and drew her on to my knee.

"It does look so like home to see you, Chris!—dear, dear home!—and the dear old folks! There never, never was such a home!—everybody there did just what they wanted to, didn't they, Chris?—and we love each other, don't we?"

"Emmy," said I, suddenly, and very improperly, "you aren't happy here."

"Not happy?" she said, with a half-frightened look,—"what makes you say so? Oh, you are mistaken. I have everything to make me happy. I should be very unreasonable and wicked, if I were not. I am very, very happy, I assure you. Of course, you know, everybody can't be like our folks at home. *That* I should not expect, you know,—people's ways are different,—but then, when you know people are so good, and all that, why, of course you must be thankful, be happy. It's better for me to learn to control my feelings, you know, and not give way to impulses. They are all so good here, they never give way to their feelings,—they always do right. Oh, they are quite wonderful!"

"And agreeable?" said I.

"Oh, Chris, we mustn't think so much of that. They certainly aren't pleasant and easy, as people at home are; but they are never cross, they never scold, they always are good. And we oughtn't to think so much of living to be happy; we ought to think more of doing right, doing our duty, don't you think so?"

"All undeniable truth, Emmy; but, for all that, John seems stiff as a ramrod, and their front-parlor is like a tomb. You mustn't let them petrify him."

Her face clouded over a little.

"John is different here from what he was at our house. He has been brought up differently—oh, entirely differently from what we were; and when he comes back into the old house, the old business, and the old place between his father and mother and sisters, he goes back into the old ways. He loves me all the same, but he does not show it in the same ways, and I must learn, you know, to take it on trust. He is *very* busy—works hard all day, and all for me; and mother says women are unreasonable that ask any other proof of love from their husbands than what they give by working for them all the time. She never lectures me, but I know she thought I was a silly little petted child, and she told me one day how she brought up John. She never petted him; she put him away alone to sleep, from the time he was six months old; she never fed him out of his regular hours when he was a baby, no matter how much he cried; she never let him talk baby-talk, or have any baby-talk talked to him, but was very careful to make him speak all his words plain from the very first; she never encouraged him to express his love by kisses or caresses, but taught him that the only proof of love was exact obedience. I remember John's telling me of his running to her once and hugging her round the neck, when he had come in without wiping his shoes, and she took off his arms and said, 'My son, this isn't the best way to show love. I should be much better pleased to have you come in quietly and wipe your shoes than to come and kiss me when you forget to do what I say.'"

"Dreadful old jade!" said I, irreverently, being then only twenty-three.

"Now, Chris, I won't have anything to say to you, if this is the way you are going to talk," said Emily, pouting, though a mischievous gleam darted into her eyes. "Really, however, I think she carried things too far, though she is so good. I only said it to excuse John, and show how he was brought up."

"Poor fellow!" said I. "I know now why he is so hopelessly shut up, and walled up. Never a warmer heart than he keeps stowed away there inside of the fortress, with the drawbridge down and moat all round."

"They are all warm-hearted inside," said Emily. "Would you think she didn't love him? Once when he was sick, she watched with him seventeen nights without taking off her clothes; she scarcely would eat all the time: Jane told me so. She loves him better than she loves herself. It's perfectly dreadful sometimes to see how intense she is when anything concerns him; it's her *principle* that makes her so cold and quiet."

"And a devilish one it is!" said I.

"Chris, you are really growing wicked!"

"I use the word seriously, and in good faith," said I. "Who but the Father of Evil ever devised such plans for making goodness hateful, and keeping the most heavenly part of our nature so under lock and key that for the greater part of our lives we get no use of it? Of what benefit is a mine of love burning where it warms nobody, does nothing but blister the soul within with its imprisoned heat? Love repressed grows morbid, acts in a thousand perverse ways. These three women, I'll venture to say, are living in the family here like three frozen islands, knowing as little of each other's inner life as if parted by eternal barriers of ice—and all because a cursed principle in the heart of the mother has made her bring them up in violence to Nature."

"Well," said Emmy, "sometimes I do pity Jane; she is nearest my age, and, naturally, I think she was something like me, or might have been. The other day I remember her coming in looking so flushed and ill that I couldn't help asking if she were unwell. The tears came into her eyes; but her mother looked up, in her cool, business-like way, and said, in her dry voice,—

"'Jane, what's the matter?'

"'Oh, my head aches dreadfully, and I have pains in all my limbs!'

"I wanted to jump and run to do something for her—you know at our house we feel that a sick person must be waited on—but her mother only said, in the same *dry* way,—

"'Well, Jane, you've probably got a chill; go into the kitchen and make yourself some good honest tea, soak your feet in hot water, and go to bed at once;' and Jane meekly departed.

"I wanted to spring and do these things for her; but it's curious, in this house I never dare offer to do anything; and mother looked at me, as she went out, with a significant nod,—

"'That's always my way; if any of the children are sick, I never coddle them; it's best to teach them to make as light of it as possible.'"

"Dreadful!" said I.

"Yes, it is dreadful," said Emmy, drawing her breath, as if relieved that she might speak her mind; "its dreadful to see these people, who I know love each other, living side by side and never saying a loving, tender word, never doing a little loving thing—sick even crawling off alone like sick animals, persisting in being alone, bearing everything alone. But I won't let them; I will insist on forcing my way into their rooms. I would go and sit with Jane, and pet her and hold her hand and bathe her head, though I knew it made her horribly uncomfortable at first; but I thought she ought to learn to be petted in a Christian way, when she was sick. I will kiss her, too, sometimes, though she takes it just like a cat that isn't used to being stroked, and calls me a silly girl; but I know she is getting to like it. What is the use of people's loving each other in this horridly cold, stingy, silent way? If one of them were dangerously ill now, or met with any serious accident, I know there would be no end to what the others would do for her; if one of them were to die, the others would be perfectly crushed; but it would all go inward—drop silently down into that dark, cold, frozen well; they couldn't speak to each other; they couldn't comfort each other; they have lost the power of expression; they absolutely *can't*."

"Yes," said I, "they are like the fathers who have held up an arm till it has become stiffened—they cannot now change his position; like the poor mutes, who, being deaf, have become dumb through disuse of the organs of speech. Their education has been like those iron suits of armor into which little boys were put in the Middle Ages, solid, inflexible, put on in childhood, enlarged with every year's growth, till the warm human frame fitted the mould as if it had been melted and poured into it. A person educated in this way is hopelessly crippled, never will be what they might have been."

"Oh, don't say that, Chris. Think of John; think how good he is."

"I do think how good he is," (with indignation,) "and how few know it, too. I think, that, with the tenderest, truest, gentlest heart, the utmost appreciation of human friendship, he has passed in the world for a cold, proud, selfish man. If your frank, impulsive, incisive nature had not unlocked gates and opened doors, he would never have known the love of woman; and now he is but half disenchanted; he every day tends to go back to stone."

"But I shan't let him; oh, indeed, I know the danger! I shall bring him out. I shall work on them all. I know they are beginning to love me a good deal; in the first place, because I belong to John, and everything belonging to him is perfect; and in the second place—"

"In the second place, because they expect to weave, day after day, the fine cobweb lines of their cold system of repression around you, which will harden and harden, and tighten and tighten, till you are as stiff and shrouded as any of them. You remind me of our poor little duck. Don't you remember him?"

"Yes, poor fellow! How he would stay out, and swim round and round, while the pond kept freezing and freezing, and his swimming place grew smaller and smaller every day; but he was such a plucky little fellow that—"

"That at last we found him one morning frozen tight in, and he has limped ever since on his poor feet."

"Oh! but I won't freeze in," she said, laughing.

"Take care, Emmy! You are sensitive, approbative, delicately organized; your whole nature inclines you to give way and yield to the nature of those around you. One little lone duck such as you, however warm-blooded, light-hearted, cannot keep a whole pond from freezing. While you have any influence, you must use it all to get John away from these surroundings, where you can have him to yourself."

"Oh, you know we are building our house; we shall go to housekeeping soon."

"Where? Close by, under the very guns of this fortress, where all your housekeeping, all your little management, will be subject to daily inspection."

"But mamma never interferes, never advises—unless I ask advice."

"No, but she influences; she lives, she looks, she is there; and while she is there, and while your home is within a stone's throw, the old spell will be on your husband, on your children, if you have any. You will feel it in the air; it will constrain, it will sway you, it will rule your house, it will bring up your children."

"Oh, no! never! never! never! I never could—I never will. If God should give me a dear little child, I will not let it grow up in these hateful ways."

Then, Emmy, there will be a constant, still, undefined, but real friction of your life-power from the silent grating of your wishes and feelings on the cold, positive mill-stone of their opinion; it will be a life-battle with a quiet, invisible, pervading spirit, who will never show himself in fair fight, but who will be around you in the very air you breathe, at your pillow when you lie down and when you rise. There is so much in these friends of yours noble, wise, severely good—their aims are so high, their efficiency so great, their virtues so many—that they will act upon you with the force of a conscience, subduing, drawing, insensibly constraining you into their moulds. They have stronger wills, stronger natures than yours; and between the two forces of your own nature and theirs you will be al-

ways oscillating, so that you will never show what you can do, working either in your own way or yet in theirs; your life will be a failure."

"Oh, Chatty, why do you discourage me?"

"I am trying tonic treatment, Emily; I am showing you a real danger: I am rousing you to flee from it. John is making money fast; there is no reason why he should always remain buried in this town. Use your influence as they do—daily, hourly, constantly—to predispose him to take you to another sphere. Do not always shrink and yield; do not conceal and absolutely and endeavor to persuade him and yourself that you are happy; do not put the very best face to him on it all; do not tolerate his relapses daily and hourly into his habitual, cold, inexpressive manner; and don't lay aside your own little impulsive, outspoken ways. Respect your own nature, and assert it; woo him, argue with him; use all a woman's weapons to keep him from falling back into the old Castle Doubting where he lived till you let him out. Dispute your mother's hateful dogma, that love is to be taken for granted without daily proof between lovers; cry down latent caloric in the market; insist that the mere fact of being a wife is not enough—that the words spoken once, years ago, are not enough—that love needs new leaves every summer of life, as much as your elm-trees, and new branches to grow broader and wider, and new flowers at the root to cover the ground."

"Oh, but I have heard that there is no surer way to lose love than to be exacting, and that it never comes for a woman's reproaches."

"All true as gospel, Emmy. I am not speaking of reproaches, or of unreasonable self assertion, or of ill-temper—you could not use any of these forces, if you would, you poor little chick! I am speaking now of the highest duty we owe our friends, the noblest, the most sacred—that of keeping their own nobleness, goodness, pure and incorrupt. Thoughtless, instinctive, unreasoning love and self sacrifice, such as many women long to bestow on husband and children, soil and lower the very objects of their love. You may grow saintly by self-sacrifice; but do your husband and children grow saintly by accepting it without return? I have seen a verse which says:—

'They who kneel at woman's shrine,
Breathe on it as they bow.'

Is not this true of all unreasoning love and self-devotion. If we *let* our friend become cold and selfish and exacting without a remonstrance, we are no true lover, no true friend. Any good man soon learns to discriminate between the remonstrance that comes from a woman's love to his soul, her concern for his honor, her anxiety for his moral development, and the pettish cry which comes from her own personal wants. It will be your own fault if, for lack of anything you can do, your husband relapses into these cold, undemonstrative habits which have robbed his life of so much beauty and enjoyment. These dead, barren ways of living are as unchristian as they are disagreeable; and you, as a good little Christian, sworn to fight heroically under Christ's banner, must make headway against this sort of family Antichrist, though it comes with a show of superior sanctity and self-sacrifice. Remember, dear, that the Master's family had its outward tokens of love as well as its inward life. The beloved leaned on His bosom, and the traitor could not have had a sign for his treachery, had there not been a daily kiss at meeting and parting with His children."

"I am glad you have said all this," said Emily, "because now I feel stronger for it. It does not now seem so selfish for me to want what it is better for John to give. Yes, I must seek what will be best for him."

And so the little one, put on the track of self-sacrifice, began to see her way clearer, as many little women of her sort do. Make them look on self-assertion as one form of martyrdom, and they will come into it.

But, for all my eloquence on this evening, the house was built in the self-same spot as projected; and the family life went on, under the shadow of Judge Evans's elms, much as if I had not spoken. Emmy became mother of two fine, lovely boys, and waxed dimmer and fainter; while with her physical decay came increasing need of the rule in the household of mamma and sisters, who took her up energetically on eagles' wings, and kept her house, and managed her children: for what can be done when a woman hovers half her time between life and death?

At last I spoke out to John, that the climate and atmosphere were too severe for her who had become so dear to him—to them all; and then they consented that the change much talked of and urged, but always opposed by the parents, should be made.

John bought a pretty cottage in our neighborhood, and brought his wife and boys; and the effect of change of moral atmosphere verified all my predictions. In a year we had our own blooming, joyous, impulsive little Emily once more—full of life, full of cheer, full of energy—looking to the ways of her household—the merry, companion of her growing boys—the blithe empress over her husband, who took to her genial sway as in the old happy days of courtship. The nightmare was past, and John was as joyous as any of us in his freedom. As Emmy said, he was turned right side out for life; and we all admired the pattern. And that is the end of my story.

And now for the moral—and that is, that life consists of two parts—*Expression* and *Repression*—each of which has its solemn duties. To love, joy, hope, faith, pity, belongs the duty of *expression*: to anger, envy, malice, revenge, and all uncharitableness belongs the duty of *repression*.

Some very religious and moral people err by applying *repression* to both classes alike. They repress equally the expression of love and of hatred, of pity and of anger. Such forget one great law, as true in the moral world as in the physical—that repression lessens and deadens. Twice or thrice mowing will kill off the sturdiest crop of weeds; the roots die for want of expression. A compress on a limb will stop its growing; the surgeon knows this, and puts a tight bandage around a tumor; but what if we put a tight bandage about the heart and lungs, as some young ladies of my acquaintance do—or bandage the feet, as they do in China? And what if we bandage a nobler inner faculty, and wrap *love* in grave-clothes?

But again there are others, and their number is legion—perhaps you and I, reader, may know something of it in ourselves—who have an inveterate habit of repression in regard to all that is noblest and highest within them, which they do not feel in their lower and more unworthy nature.

It comes far easier to scold our friend in an angry moment than to say how much we love, honor and esteem him in a kindly mood. Wrath and bitterness speak themselves and go with their own force; love is shame-faced, looks shyly out of the window, lingers long at the door-latch.

How much freer utterance among many good Christians have anger, contempt, and censoriousness, than tenderness and love! *I hate* is said loud and with all our force. *I love* is said with a hesitating voice and blushing cheek.

In an angry mood we do an injury to a loving heart, with good, strong, free emphasis; but we stammer and hang back when our diviner nature tells us to confess and ask pardon. Even when our heart is broken with repentance, we haggle and linger long before we can

"Throw away the worser part of it."

How many live a stingy and niggardly life in regard to their richest inward treasures! They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love would make so much happier, richer, and better; and they cannot, will not, turn the key and give it out. People who in their very souls really do love, esteem, reverence, almost worship each other, live a barren, chilly life side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms.

Are there not sons and daughters who have parents living with them as angels unawares—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked away in unfruitful silence—who give time to everything but the cultivation and expression of mutual love?

The time is coming, they think, in some far future, when they shall find leisure to enjoy each other, to stop and rest side by side, to discover to each other these hidden treasures which lie idle and unused.

Alas! time flies and death steals on, and we reiterate the complaint of one in Scripture—"It came to pass, while thy servant was busy hither and thither, the man was gone."

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." "I did not know what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel Death shoots backward at us from the door of the sepulchre.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words, and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindled and grow single.

Two causes in our Anglo-Saxon nature prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression which strike one so pleasantly in the Italian or the French life: the dread of flattery, and a constitutional shyness.

"I perfectly longed to tell So-and-so how I admired her, the other day," says Miss X.

"And why in the world didn't you tell her?"

"Oh, it would seem like flattery, you know."

Now what is flattery?

Flattery is *insincere* praise given from interested motives, not the sincere utterance to a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him.

And so, for fear of flattering, these dreadfully sincere people go on side by side with those they love and admire, giving them all the time the impression of utter indifference. Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when the open expression of a father's love would be worth more than church or sermon to a boy; and his father cannot utter it, will not show it.

The other thing that represses the utterances of love is the characteristic *shyness* of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of two demonstrative, out-spoken nations—the German and the French—has an habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against, and struggle outward towards expression. We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity: we can make it a Christian duty, not only to love, but to be loving—not only to be true friends, but to *show* ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips—do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and, little by little, it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love—the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return—till the hearts in the family-circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird-voices answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.

FELLER TRABLERS.—If I had bin a eitin dried apples for a week, an den took to drinkin for a monf, I coodn't feel more swell'd up dan I am dis minnit wid pride and wanity at seeing sich full tendance har dis evenin'; an' when I reflect dat it am rite in de wite wasin' season, when de braddrn am seen a gwanin round de streets a-lookin' like ole Gypshun mummies preserved in lime, an' de sisters are up to dar ancles in de scrubbin' time, my heart yearns towards you, like a piece of Ingin rubber nie a hot stobe, an' I feel dat I hab an afflickshun for you that nothing can estrange, or syringe, I forget now which; but one am jist de same as todder.

☞ A gentleman implored Mr. McCullough, the new Secretary of the Treasury, to arrest the downward tendency of gold. "Well, my good friend," was the reply, "if you can get Grant, Sherman and Sheridan to let the rebels whip them, you will be gratified; but I am afraid they won't oblige you."

South American Civilization;

OR,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Brazilian Science—Educational Ideas—National Characteristics—Individual Prejudice.

Four travellers happened to meet at a London club-house, and the conversation happening to turn upon the Rock of Gibraltar, one of the gentlemen went into a glowing description of the old hoary-headed sentinel of the Mediterranean, painting its appearance in glowing colors, as he had recently viewed it.

The second traveller protested that the picture was over drawn, distorted, totally unlike Gibraltar, and described the rock himself.

No. 3 differed with and from those who had just preceded him, and tried his hand at picturing the lava watch-dog at the Pillars of Hercules.

The fourth gentleman declared No. 3 wider of the truth than either of the others, pronounced them all at fault, and volunteered his version of Gibraltar; whereupon the others pronounced him in the wrong, and each one declared all the others wrong, and himself right, and a quartette quarrel ensued, in which foul epithets were applied, and doubts expressed of each other's veracity, and declarations made by each that he did not believe any one of the others had ever seen Gibraltar at all.

Matters might have resulted seriously, had not a quiet old cosmopolite present, who had himself seen all there was to see of the famous rock, declared that all four of the travellers were correct, and proved it by questioning them. It came out that they had viewed Gibraltar from *four* different sides.

Now, just as absurd would be my declaration that the descriptions of those who have seen and been familiar with Brazil, and the Brazilians, from a city and civilized point of view, were misrepresentations. Just as unfair would be their verdict that my observations of the same country and people, made on the pampa, in the *sierra*, among the mountains, in the forests, and mostly among a people but semi-civilized, were false-drawn pictures. There are always at least two sides to everything; to some things a great many, and no two quite alike.

Rio de Janeiro has several educational institutions, very creditable to their founders, the faculty which conducts, the government which endows, and the people who patronize them. One or two of these have given to the empire some finished scholars, as colleges everywhere finish men. But neither the empire, nor any of its institutions, have yet given to the world a man of genuine, first-class scientific attainments. Indeed, so few are there of the Brazilians who have achieved the mastery of ordinary practical science, that Brazil, per necessity, imports from abroad her practical chemists, architects, artists, naturalists, doctors, draughtsmen, dentists, and engineers, mechanical, civil and topographical.

When the Morse telegraph had been fifteen years in operation in the United States, and its wires were rapidly netting Continental Europe, the Brazilian government commissioned a foreign gentleman, then in its service, to proceed to this country, familiarize himself with all the mysteries of telegraphing, purchase, and bring out to Rio, wire and apparatus, and there explain to his Majesty, Don Pedro Segundo, and heads of departments, the modus operandi of talking by lightning; when it was proposed to put up a short line or two, connecting the capital with some of the near suburbs, as an experiment.

The gentleman accomplished his mission, and returned to Rio Janeiro, prepared to educate the public in electric science as applied to telegraphic purposes.

Four hundred yards of wire were put up in the palace grounds of San Christavao. The instruments at either end being in position and order for operating, and a competent imported assistant at his station, the gentleman speaking Portuguese fluently, sought as a proper preliminary to explain to his majesty and the assembled *savans* of his court something of the science of magnetic telegraphing. And he did so, until the exclamation was general and very positive:

"*Certimente. Si, Senor! Yo apprende muito claro!*" [Certainly. Yes sir! I understand very clearly.]

The result showed how clearly they understood. Stringing themselves along the wire, suspended some three feet from the ground, they bent down, bringing their noses within three inches of it, opened their eyes wide, and kept a bright lookout for the first message.

Click—click—clickety click went the instrument, clack—clack—clackety clack went the tongues of the scientific investigators—royalty included.

"Look—look!" "Here it is!" "I see it!" "*Caramba!*" "There it goes!" "*El Diavo!*" "There's another one." "Whi-s-s-sh!" "*Curi!*" "Little blue thing," and five thousand other exclamations equally ridiculous. After all the explanations given, they believed that the message sent along the wire was something tangible, and in the first flash of their credulity they were positive that they could see the little "blue thing" darting along the wire.

But when the first message received was exhibited in its original characters, their reason, science and common sense rose in arms against such an impracticable monstrosity. Such quirks, kinks, dots and devilitry as that might perhaps serve the purposes of barbarous English well enough. But they could never be rendered into Christian Portuguese. They had looked for the little "blue things" to drop off the end of the wire in lumps, printed in their own vernacular. Deceived in this, they would have nothing to do with the barbarian monstrosity. And for several years they did not. They are better educated now, however, and have some very respectable lines of telegraph.

It is not very many years since the educational ideas of the majority of the people were as circumscribed as their scientific ones. "Once upon a time" a learned society at Rio, under the auspices of the imperial government, would publish a universal geography that should be a model of education and a reliable encyclopedia, governing the geographical world. To this end all the available talent of the empire was enlisted, and the services of several eminent foreigners, residents of Rio, was secured to read, revise and correct the proof sheets, that no errors in regard to foreign countries should by any possibility mar the perfection of the work.

Our minister resident at the Brazilian Court at that time, was a ripe scholar, and to his revision was submitted so much of the work as had reference to the United States. He went through three pages, and on the fourth, information touching his native land, both new and interesting, met his eye.

"Boston, a seaport town of thirty-two thousand inhabitants, situated on the St. Lawrence River, and the capital of the province of Virginia. 'Down East' had a tangible existence and locality. It was a flourishing town on the river Delaware, opposite New Orleans, in the province of Baltimore.

"The Roman Catholic was the established religion of *los Estavos Unidos*; but the great mass of the people were *Idolaters*."

Such was the unqualified declaration of the "*Geographia Universal*," of the Rio *savans*, and so disgusted with the whole thing was our ministerial proof reader, that without going any further he returned the sheets to headquarters, with the advice, that if they had gone on as reliably in regard to other countries as they had with his own, the best thing they could do would be to burn the whole thing and begin anew.

In the course of a month, the general protests from all the foreign readers to whom proofs had been submitted, announced the fact that they had been quite as unfortunate in their geography of Europe, as they had been in that of the United States; and the advice of our minister was accepted. In the second attempt, they did infinitely better.

The general characteristics of the Brazilians of the interior, where their intercourse and acquaintanceship with foreigners have been limited, are by far more congenial and pleasing than those of any people I have ever made my home amongst. There is a more marked difference between the Rio, Bahia, or Pernambuco Braziliero, and his rural countryman, than there is between the hard-hearted, artificial, business-ridden metropolitan of the United States, and the honest, hardy, openhearted native frontiersman.

Everywhere among the Brazilians of the interior—whatever may be their class, or social, moral, and pecuniary condition, though a total stranger, you are always welcome and at home; and demonstrative as they are in their hospitality, it is impossible that you can misunderstand them, and remain a stranger, should you determine with all your might to do so.

No letters of introduction are necessary, no vouchers are needed. The Braziliero of the *compo*, the country village, or the *sierra*, never inquires your name, where from, whither going, and what may be your errand, before making you welcome to his home and all that he has. There is no hesitating, shy reserve with him, or any of his household.

The somewhat loquacious Senora, addresses you as familiarly as if she had been born and bred under the same roof with you. Charming Senoritas draw up seats beside you, and just as naturally as Nature herself, exhibiting a beautifully rounded arm, bare to the shoulder, place within, or impressively upon your own, the plumpest velvety little hand you have ever held, look you confidingly in the eyes, and in all their rural innocence, chat with you as if you were their brother; their flute-like voices silvery as the tones of the wild mocking-bird.

A nearly nude menina clings tenaciously to your knees, and familiarly calls you "*Tio* John." (Uncle John.) Every Brazilian urchin five years old, has that English word—John. A querulous old grand dame, totters to your side, and proffers the tiny gourd of *matte*, to be sucked up scalding hot through a silver tube. All do their utmost to make you at home, and you are so, off-hand, in spite of yourself.

In contradistinction to this national characteristic so generally manifested, is another feature of Brazilian mental economy, which though not decidedly antagonistic to the more amiable attribute, is nevertheless at times unpleasant, and uncomfortable to encounter.

While the native Brazilian readily acknowledges your individual superiority, he professes to hold your nationality and country in sovereign contempt. Indeed, his undisguised opinion is, that there is not a country or a people on the face of the whole earth, any more worthy to be compared with Brazil, and the Brazilians, than a pullet's egg is to a pearl. Although Portuguese is but a sort of *lingua franca*, a petty compendium and compound, as it were, of Latin, Italian, Spanish, French and Norman, the Braziliero religiously believes it to be the most sublime language on earth. He will tell you most complacently that the French is the language for women; Portuguese the language of God; and English the language of *jackasses*. And yet the Portuguese universally spoken in Brazil, when you have penetrated the interior, ten leagues beyond any one of the cities or larger towns, where education is something common, is an abominable *patois*, made up of a little Portuguese, mixed with Gold-Coast, Congo, and Mena Guinea, and perhaps a half dozen different Indian dialects, plentifully sprinkled with native provincialisms. Not one interior Brazilian in five hundred, transported to Lisbon or Oporto, could muster understandable Portuguese enough to ask for the common necessaries of life.

Though Brazil, ever since it has been an empire, has been more indebted to England than to any other country, the Brazilians, of all classes, hold the English language in sovereign contempt. And they avail themselves of every convenient pretext for exhibiting the very low appreciation in which they hold our vernacular.

Standing one day in Rio Janeiro, watching the whetting away of a gang of black caulkers at the seams of a man-of-war steamer on the stocks, I was greatly amused by the persevering efforts of the *Meastro* to initiate a raw, recently imported African, into the mysteries of oakum-driving.

Guinea was dumb and dumbfounded for a while. Without having a word of Portuguese, of course the poor fellow understood less than nothing of all the instructions the master was rattling off faster than ever water wheel whirled. At length the raw recruit, seeing his master gesticulating furiously, and opening his big mouth, as if he meditated swallowing him alive, grew frightened, let loose his tongue, and let drive a string of Guinea gibberish that fairly astonished the Portuguese, and shut him up in a second.

For ten seconds or so the *Meastro* stood there mute, looking at Guinea, now fairly agoing as if he would never stop; then, with a tremendous kick, he lifted Gold Coast on the top of his *tomenk*, sending him flying down off the stage, shouting after him as he went:

"Go to the devil, Mr. Monkey! I don't understand English."

And yet, with all their contempt of the language, they are everlastingly seeking to acquire it. Every third native you meet in any of the commercial cities will say:

"I speak English very well." And the probability is, that that is every word of English he can speak.

One day, an intelligent young Brazilian inquired of me:

"Senor, what do you call *cousa* in English?"

"*Thing*," I replied, "*As this thing*, (*esta cousa*) that thing, (*outro cousa*) &c."

"Well, what do you call *prima* in English?" he asked directly.

"*Shore*," I replied. "*As prima do mar* (sea shore.")

He had the two words perfectly; but somehow he misplaced them, and never got them in the right place. Years afterwards, when he had learned to speak English almost without an accent, he would use the word *shore* in the place of *thing*. If he wished to say "that is another thing," he invariably got it, "that is another *shore*."

Latest Military Intelligence.

The rebels on last Wednesday evening were at Amelia C. H., 17 miles northeast of Burkesville, and were almost surrounded. Sheridan's cavalry, the Second, Fifth and Sixth corps, were at Jettersville, eight miles southwest of Amelia. The Twenty-fourth corps was at Burkesville. All the direct lines of retreat toward Lynchburg were thus closed. During the night the rebels abandoned Amelia C. H., and marched northwest—part of them crossing the Appomatox just north of Burkesville. Their main body then retreated westward on the north side of the river, whilst General Ewell, with the rear guard, marched along the south bank.

Sheridan, with all the troops at Jettersville, pursued on Thursday morning, and came up with Ewell at Sailor's Creek, five miles northwest of Burkesville. Here a desperate battle was fought, Ewell standing at bay a long time to give Lee time to get the main body off. Ewell was finally overpowered, and nearly all his corps, with his artillery, its generals and Ewell himself, was captured. Lee, with the main body of the rebels, appears to have got past Grant, however, and is again west of him, and retreating towards Lynchburg. On Thursday night Grant's army encamped at various points, from 7 to 9 miles west of Burkesville.

On March 28th and 29th, the Union fleet and army attacked Spanish Fort, on the eastern bank of Mobile bay, eight miles below the city. It was during this attack that the iron-clad Milwaukie was destroyed by a torpedo. There was no result when our intelligence closed, though the attack was still going on. There is nothing from Sherman.

☞ THE GUNS THEY CAPTURED.—The Union arms have captured about 2,000 rebel cannon in the last eight months. At this rate, no rebel foundries can keep up the supply.

☞ The green-houses attached to the residence of Mrs. Samuel Colt, at Hartford, are probably the most extensive in this country. There is, in all, over a quarter of a mile of glass houses; and under their kind roofs may now be seen all varieties of summer vegetables fully ripe—tomatoes, peas, string beans, beets, radishes, lettuce, &c.—peaches and grapes far advanced towards perfection, pine-apples, and plants and flowers from every zone, and of every state of growth. The whole is a fairy land of beauty and wonder.

☞ A traveller in Africa declares that he met one king with eleven portly wives, all of whom were weighed monthly; the one that weighed the most being invariably installed mistress of the household until the next weighing.

☞ "NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALET-DE-CHAMBRE."—The origin of this well-known phrase may be as old as Antigonus, who, on a poet flattering him with the title of the Son of God, answered, "My servant knows the contrary."

☞ "The world repeats itself" is an old saying. When one visits the modern shoddyites and petroleumocracy, one is reminded of the remark made by Plato, who was so struck with the luxury of the citizens of Agrigentum, both in the style of their houses and their tables, that he remarked:—"They build as if they were never to die, and eat as if they had not an hour to live."

☞ It is stated that Captain John H. Bell, of Baltimore, a Presbyterian, has been promoted by the Sultan to the distinguished office of Lord Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish Navy, without sacrificing his religious principles.

☞ A young Russian shot himself in the streets of Paris a few days since, because his family wanted him to return home. Sooner than leave Paris, he killed himself.

☞ The Indians in Wisconsin, who have just received their annuities, called the fractional paper currency "papoose money."

☞ A gas-engine has recently been worked in London; it consumes seventy cubic feet of gas per hour per horse power, costing three pence per hour. Coal costs one penny per hour. It is thought that for a small and intermittent power, where a boiler is objectionable, the gas-engine may be eligible.

☞ A person who was present at the recent eruption of Mount Etna, says: "It will give you an idea of the amount of lava when we tell you we made the size of this one bank or stream of lava (there are seven in all, and this is not the largest,) of which the onward movement is stopped, to be at its end (which is rather more than ten miles from the crater) at least thirty-five feet high and upwards of 1,500 feet wide, a black smoking mass."

☞ In Wiltshire, Eng., as two rams were grazing together in a meadow, they were observed to retire a short distance, so that the space between them was about fifteen yards, and after facing each other for some time, they suddenly rushed together, their foreheads meeting with a crash. Immediately after, one was observed to fall, and on examination it was found that the force of the collision had broken its neck.

☞ It is now asserted by scientific explorers that the "slime" or bitumen which the builders of Babel used for mortar, is the same thing as our modern petroleum, after its volatile parts had been discharged by evaporation. Layard makes mention of the famous springs of Is, whence the builders of Nineveh and Babylon obtained large quantities of their bitumen. These springs were flowing three thousand years B. C., and are flowing to-day.

A Rebel Girl on Union.

The following letter was captured among the effects of Hood's army, so the story goes. There is a good deal of music in it:

NASHVILLE, Jan. 29, 1865.

Dear Brother Tom:—I wrote to you some six months ago, and feel quite uneasy about you, as not a line has reached me since your letter last June. I now repeat to you that matters and things are getting worse every day. You will be astonished to hear that your friends of the female denomination are dropping off every day. Yes, dropping off, too, as willing victims into the arms of the ruthless invader. Just think of it! Mollie! the unconquerable, who used to parade that large Beauregard breastpin, and who used to sing "Maryland, my Maryland," with so much pathos, was married some four months ago to a Federal with but one bar on his shoulder. Sallie, who used to sleep with the "Bonnie Blue Flag" under her pillow, who looked daggers and pistols at the invaders, who would not speak to her school-mates, N—— and C——, because they received and treated Federal officers with due politeness, she too, is gone—yes, married to a Federal officer with two bars! Sue, the historical one, who carried the glittering stiletto in her belt, who was going to imitate Charlotte Corday and assassinate somebody for her country's sake, she too, has gone the way of all flesh; and married an officer with that detestable eagle on his shoulder. And now, pull out your handkerchief, and prepare for the worst, my poor brother Tom. Your old sweetheart, Anna, the one to whom you dedicated your sweetest verses, and whose melodious voice so often mingled with yours in days of yore, who defied both generals and the whole 15th army corps, who was sent first South then North, but upon whose rebellious temperament no climaterial change could have the least influence, she, too, has hauled down the stars and bars, and is about to surrender at discretion. I should not have believed this, but to convince myself I passed her house the other night with a gentleman who protects us during your absence on purpose to find out the state of her political sentiments from her musical programme.

Take it like a man, Tom! for I must tell you that I heard very distinctly the words of "*Rally Round the Flag*" and "*The Union Forever*," sung in her best style, with a glorious tenor voice mingling with it.

Poor brother Tom! You know I considered her always the Gibraltar of the South, and now, when she surrenders, I must think that the Confederacy has gone up. You had better come home immediately and look to your interests in that quarter, as, perhaps, it may not be too late yet to produce a favorable change in your suit. Tell the boys down in Dixie if they do not return soon they will not find a single girl or widow below conscript age in these parts, as the watchword now seems to be "*Sauve qui peut*," which means "Marry who you can." My principles are unchanged, and I am as true to the South as ever. We have a captain boarding with us *merely* by way of protection, who appears to be *rather* a clever fellow for a Federal. He takes a sly glance at me at the table sometimes, but of course I do not return it. You know me too well for that. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me, ever,

Your loving sister, MARIE.

P. S. I. Do you think it would be a violation of my Southern principles to take an occasional ride for my health with the captain? He has such a nice horse and buggy. You know there can be no possible harm in that.

P. S. II. That impertinent fellow actually squeezed my hand as he helped me out of the buggy this evening. We had such a delightful ride. I want you to come home and protect me, Tom, as I don't like to live this way much longer.

P. S. III. If ever I should marry a Yankee, (but you know my principles too well for that,) I would do it merely as the humble instrument to avenge the wrongs of my poor oppressed country. Little peace should he find by day or by night; thorns should be planted in his couch; his dreams should be of Holofernes, and my dry-goods bill as long as the Internal Revenue Law.

P. P. IV. Come home, brother Tom, and take the amnesty oath for two months or thereabouts. I want to tell you a secret! On due consideration I have come to the determination to make a martyr of myself! Yes, brother Tom, I am going to marry the captain on patriotic principles. MARIE.

☞ A correspondent with Sherman says that he has reason to believe the evacuation of Virginia, by the rebels, was a contingency included in the General's calculations. He heard him say more than once: "If Lee is a soldier of genius, he will transfer his army from Richmond to Raleigh or Columbia; if he is a man simply of detail, he will remain where he is, and his speedy defeat is sure."

☞ A gentleman who owns land on Cassadaga Creek, N. Y., near where an oil spring has been discovered, visited the spring the other day in company with his daughter, and finding no difficulty in both smelling and tasting the real petroleum, appealed to her to know what success she was meeting with, to which the young lady replied—"Well, yes, father, I think I do taste and smell the oil, but I don't think I could if you did not own lands on the creek."

☞ Mr. Garrison intends to discontinue the Liberator at the end of the present year, which will complete its thirty-fifth volume.

☞ Parisian society has been saddened by the death of a young lady of rank and fashion. On a *post mortem* examination it was found that her decease was to be ascribed to tight lacing. Her stays had forced three of her ribs into her liver.

☞ The Emperor of the French has sent a magnificent chalice of gold to the priest of the small church of Hoboken, where his Majesty lived as a private gentleman during his stay in America.

☞ The Grass Valley National propounds this one:—"Why is a policeman never run over?" And answers—"Because he is never in the way."

☞ The number of passengers *in transitu* every twenty-four hours by railway trains in the North are at least two hundred thousand.

☞ Fanny Elssler has not yet pirouetted off the stage of existence. She was lately present at the Concordia ball in Vienna, in a white satin dress and train, literally covered with diamonds, rubies and emeralds.

☞ It is a curious fact that while on the west side of the mountains of the Pacific slope there is gold but no silver, on the other side there is silver but no gold.

☞ PROLIFIC.—Mrs. Andrew Allison, of Beaver county, Ohio, has given birth to seven children in less than two years—three at one birth and four at another, and at last accounts mother and all the children were doing well.

☞ When the butler marries the housekeeper, may he be said to lead her to the high menial altar?

☞ A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor, isn't apt to think that two heads are better than one.

☞ "In God We Trust," is to be the motto on all future coins of the Republic.

☞ "Fancy," said Sydney Smith to some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."

☞ The District Attorney of Boston recently testified, that notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions to enforce the prohibitory liquor law, there has not been a single conviction for five years.

☞ When Sherman was in Savannah, a toadying civilian ventured upon a mild denunciation of the military abilities of the Lieutenant General. "It won't do, sir," said Sherman, "it won't do, sir! Grant is a great General! He stood by me when I was crazy, and I stood by him when he was drunk, and now, sir, we stand by each other." Good for Sherman!

☞ HOW MUCH?—If a man sells his watch for fifty dollars, buys it back for forty dollars, then sells it for forty-five dollars, how much does he make in the transaction? It looks as if he made fifteen dollars, but he didn't. Boys, can you tell how much?

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COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 36 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

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For sale everywhere.
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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues unsettled and very dull, the sales reach about 10,000 bbls at $7@8 for superfine, $8,25@9,25 for extras, and $9,25@11,50 for extra family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have declined. 300 bbls of the former sold at $6,75@7. The latter is quoted at $6,25 for Penna, and $6,50 for Brandywine.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and prime Wheat is scarce; sales about 10,000 bus of fair to prime reds at $2@2,25, and white at $2,25@2,35. Rye; sales at $1,25@1,35. Corn, about 40,000 bus yellow found buyers at $1,18@1,33, white at $1,12@1,18. Oats are selling at 83@84c for Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—The stock of all kinds is light; sales at $28@30 for Mess Pork, and $18@23 for Mess Beef, the latter for extra Western. Beef Hams sell at $25@27 ₩ bbl. Bacon moves off in small lots at 18@33c for plain and fancy Hams, and 17@19c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the sales are moderate at 15@19c for pickled Hams and 15@16c for Shoulders, in salt. Lard; sales 350 tcs at 19@19½c. Butter continues dull at from 18 to 30c for common to prime packed roll, and for Goshen 40@45c. Cheese is scarce at 18@25c ₩ lb. Eggs are steady at 21@25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled. Sales 270 bales at 33@48c for low and good middling quality.

BARK—Quercitron is offered at $30 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX is quoted at 50@55c.

COAL—Prices are unsettled, ranging from $8,50 @9 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS—Western are quoted at 60@65c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit is very dull, and Apples are lower, with small sales at 12@13c. Peaches are not so plenty.

HAY is selling at $30@32 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at 45@50c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is very little demand for Pig Metal. Sales at $40@44 for Forge, and $45@48 for Foundry.

LUMBER—Holders are firm in their views, and asking $31@32 for White Pine, and $27@29 for Yellow Sap boards. River Hemlock sells at $17@18, and Scantling at $16@16,50 ₩ M.

OILS—Of Petroleum sales are limited at 33@34c for crude, and 75@77c for free refined.

PLASTER—Soft is held at $5 ₩ ton.

RICE is held at held at 11½@12c for East India, and 11@12½c for Savannah.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering. Sales 1300 bushels at $17@19 50 ₩ bushel. Timothy is quiet at $5@5,25, and Flaxseed at $2,50@2,60 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is nothing doing in Brandy or Gin. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at $2,40@2,45. Whiskey—Sales at $2,15@2,18, the latter for prime western.

SUGARS—The market has been irregular, with sales of 12,20 hhds. mostly Cuba, at 7¾@8¾c, including small lots Porto Rico at 13½@14c.

TALLOW is held at 11½@11¾c for city rendered.

WOOL—The market is unsettled and lower, a few small lots only having been disposed of at 75@80c for western fleece, and 93@95c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from $13 to 19,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1800 Hogs at from $17,00 to 18,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 10 to 10½c ₩ lb. 110 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₩ head.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.
BALDNESS PREVENTED.
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" NO DYE "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
The hair is renovated and strengthened, and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply. Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. feb18-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, March 9th, 1865, by the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. GEORGE W. LILY to Miss ADELAIDE, third daughter of the late Wm. Cuthbert, Esq., both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. THOMAS J. ALLEN to Miss LOUISA J. MASSEY, both of this city.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, CHARLES H. KIMBALL to ADA E. WOLFF, daughter of John Wolff, Esq., both of this city.

On the 12th of March, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOSEPH F. MISSOLM to Miss EMMA DARR, both of this city.

On the 7th of March, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JACOB CLYMONDS to Miss LOUISA BIRELY, both of this city.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. BENJAMIN HUTCHINSON to Miss MARY J. DUNLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, JOHN TINSMAN, aged 47 years.

On the 4th instant, MARY DURRARD, in her 64th year.

On the 3d instant, BROWN YOUNG, aged 27 years.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM C. CARPENTER, in his 20th year.

On the 3d instant, JULIA A. C. KUEMERLEN, aged 70 years.

On the 2d instant, ENOS LEE, in his 65th year.

On the 2d instant, CHARLES W. PETTIT, aged 27 years.

On the 2d instant, Mr. JAMES DUNLAP, Sr., in his 73th year.

On the 2d instant, ELIZABETH ALLEN, in her 76th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SARAH MARSHALL, in her 79th year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM R. BANNER, aged 55 years.

On the 31st of March, JAMES HANSELL, in his 74th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL,
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

BUIST'S GENUINE KITCHEN GARDEN SEEDS.—Gardeners and all growers of Vegetables who wish pure and reliable Garden Seeds should purchase their supplies from ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, Nos. 922 and 924 Market Street, above Ninth. ap15-21

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Seed-Sowers, Farm and Garden Rollers, Farm, Canal, and Railroad Barrows, Churns, Hay, Straw and Fodder Cutters, Farm Bells, with all other kinds of improved machinery for the Farmer. Every article warranted as represented, and sold at the lowest market prices. ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Agricultural Implements and Seed Warehouse, Nos. 922 and 924 Market Street. ap15-21

ELI, AN ORATORIO.
First performed at the Musical Festival, Birmingham, England in 1855. The Words selected and written by WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW. The Music composed by MICHAEL COSTA. A fine edition of this standard work, uniform with Ditson & Co's popular editions of "The Messiah" and "The Creation," has just been published. Price, in cloth $2,50; boards $2 00; paper $1,75. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.
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Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par, Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.
mar18-3m

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FOR MOTHS,
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Be particular and give each address correctly.
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MANUFACTORY.
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At Reduced Prices.
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Have made a GREAT REDUCTION in their prices, and have now in stock a very large assortment of
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LOOKING GLASSES MADE TO ORDER at the same reduced prices, to fill every character of space,
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SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
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STORE NO. 20 SOUTH DELAWARE AVENUE,
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To the farmers of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, BAUGH'S RAW BONE PHOSPHATE is not a new name. Its great efficiency as a Fertilizer, for all crops, has been for years past practically denoted by them in its *continued* use. We want no better assurance of the high appreciation in which it is held by Agriculturists than the fact of so constant an increase in the demand, from year to year, as our article has enjoyed, and it has been our main object to render it, in every respect, worthy of such a favorable estimation.
It is packed in bags and barrels, and may be had of any regular dealer in Fertilizers, (to whom we advise all farmers to apply,) or of the sole manufacturers,
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No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.
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Letters from the country receive attention.
ap8-2t

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.
☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
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"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."
Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List, as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. B. DEAN, Tobacconist,
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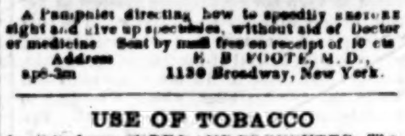

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In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for TWO DOLLARS, by DAY & SON,
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dec 17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Blunders of the Telegraphers.

Before telegraph operators became so expert as at present, laborious blunders were of frequent occurrence, from the necessary ambiguity in transmitting one letter at a time. A manager of a telegraph company gives an instance as of recent occurrence upon the line between Boston and New York. A gentleman sent a dispatch requesting parties in New York to forward sample forks by express. When the message was delivered, it read thus:—"Forward sample for K. S. The parties who received it replied by asking what sample K. S. wanted. Of course the gentleman came to the office and complained that the dispatch had been transmitted incorrectly, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he telegraphed the New York operator that the dispatch should have read, Forward sample forks. The New York operator, having read it wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now. He replied that he did read it sample for K. S., and so delivered it. "But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say for K. S., but f-o-r-k-s!" "What a stupid fellow that is in Boston!" exclaimed the New York operator. "He says he didn't say for K. S., but for K. S." The Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator read it forks, but not succeeding, he wrote the dispatch upon a slip of paper, and forwarded it by mail, and it remained a standing joke upon the line for many months afterward.

The Final Test.

A worthy old Irishman was told one evening that his wife was very sick and likely to die. Profoundly grieved at the information, he hastened to her bedside to ascertain the progress of disease, and in his own way to make a diagnosis. He first wiped the tobacco from his lips and gave her an affectionate smack.

"Och! by the powers," said he, "and sure her mouth is cowld as the key-hole of a jail doore!

Filling his cob pipe he sat down by the fire and cogitated. A thought struck him, and he rose and offered his pipe to the sick woman, begging her to take a whiff or two. She meaned a feeble refusal, and the sorrowful man again sat down. The pipe was soon finished, and the canteen of old Irish whiskey was brought down; after a generous draft, he sweetened a little for his companion. As before, she shook her head, and seemed to be utterly incapable of appreciating her usual luxuries.

The good man's heart failed him, and as he drained the toddy which she refused, he exclaimed—

"Och, Bridget, dear, and yees going to leave me intirely! Ye'll nither smoke nor dthrink, and sure thin ye are not long for this worrld, at all, at all!"

And, sure enough, she did die.

How Captains Love their Ships.

I remember once there were four ships of us lying windbound in a little basin of a harbor at the western extremity of Bass's Strait, and all bound into Hobart Town, in Van Dieman's Land. Among the number was a Glasgow ship called the Caledonia—a regular mallet, commanded by Captain Archie Macgriggor, who thought her about the fanciest craft that ever floated.

We were all anxious to get into Hobart Town before the Queen's birthday, which was to be an extra big holiday. So out we all went one morning, and after banging away at S. E. gale a couple of days, we got a start, and three of us ran into port two days ahead of the Queen's time.

Ten days afterwards in came the old Glasgow tub, staggering under every inch of canvas. Captain Macgriggor ran her slap into the mud till she brought up, and then leaping upon the wharf, he slapped and patted her affectionately, singing out, "Weel doon, me noble Caledonia!"

The Tender Passion.

Thackeray says that "when a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself with the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories, which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by any one but papa; he drinks sweet Port wine, for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee at a club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; and smiles when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt."

Catching a Pickpocket.

A lady travelling by the land route between New York and Boston, was unfortunate enough to lose her purse, containing a considerable amount of money, which was undoubtedly appropriated by a gentlemanly person who occupied the seat next her, but who left during the time the train was passing through the long tunnel going into New York city, having managed to pick the lady's pocket during that time undetected, as half an hour previous the purse was known to be safe.

In recounting her loss to a friend who was soon after about to make the same journey, the danger of gentlemanly-appearing men occupying the next seat to unprotected females, and, in fact, the danger of trusting to appearances at all, was strongly dwelt upon.

The new tourist was particularly cautioned to beware on going through the tunnel at New York, and being thoroughly admonished, concluded to keep her pocket-book grasped in her hand during that perilous passage. The lady started; sure enough, a gentlemanly-looking person, on the arrival of the train at Springfield, solicited permission to fill the unoccupied seat beside the fair traveller, which, according to the rules of travel, could not be refused. The stranger's manners were those of gentlemanly ease, (pickpockets in novels always are) his costume was plain, serviceable and adapted for travelling. He was polite; he offered the lady his newspaper—it was coldly declined; he volunteered a few remarks, which received only chilling monosyllabic responses. In fact, he made no progress whatever in becoming better acquainted with his neighbor, and evidently giving it up in despair, occupied himself with his newspapers and a cheap novel. The lady had almost forgotten her travelling companion, as well as the advice of her friend, when the recollection of both suddenly flashed upon her, as the train entered the Cimmerian darkness of the tunnel. She hurriedly fumbled for her pocket, but the finding of a lady's pocket amid the folds of her dress is often a matter of difficulty, and now in the impenetrable darkness seemed doubly so. Nervously she felt in the direction where she supposed that appendage was, till at last the aperture was reached, and her hand thrust in to grasp and hold her pocket-book safely till the train should again emerge into daylight, when, horror of horrors, she encountered the gentleman's hand in her pocket!

Whether to scream for assistance, to seize the intruder, or in fact what to do, she scarcely knew; however, acting upon a sudden resolution, she seized the hand and held on, determined to show the villain detected in the very act on emerging to the light.

The train rolled slowly—it seemed so slowly on, that it appeared as if the end of that terrible tunnel would never be reached—she clutched the intruding hand with a firmer grasp, which made no special effort to relieve itself, probably knowing how useless would be the struggle, or else, as both were ungloved, feeling content to rest in the soft, warm clasp that encircled it. At length, however, the train emerged into daylight, which found both lady and gentleman anxiously looking toward each other, the lady's face wearing a frightened, anxious expression, and the gentleman's a curious and puzzled one, as he gazed into the startled eyes of his companion—

"Sir!" she began indignantly, tightening her grasp, when, chancing to cast her eyes down, she found, oh, terrible circumstance, *her hand in the outside pocket of his coat*, desperately grasping his hand, which it had encountered.

The lady was covered with confusion at this unlooked-for turn of affairs, and the gentleman, who was a man of discrimination, saw that the encounter was accidental; and that each had probably received pickpocket impressions of the other from it. Mutual explanations at length ensued, and cards were exchanged.

It only remains for us to add that the acquaintance thus commenced was continued, and that the lady and gentleman, who are both well known in this city, were recently united in marriage. We would not, however, advise marriageable young ladies, as a general thing, to mistake gentlemen's pockets as their own, as the sequel may not always turn out to be as pleasant as in the above instance.—*Conn. Bulletin.*

CONDESCENDING.

Master Tom (going back to school, to fellow passenger).—"If you'd like to smoke, you know, Gov'nor, don't you mind me, I rather like it!"

Tall and Short.

As regards country and town life, M. Villerme has ascertained, contrary to the generally received notion, that the inhabitants of towns are, on an average, a little taller than those of country districts. M. Quetelet found the same rule to apply in Brabant; where, after nearly ten thousand measurements, he ascertained that town people are, on an average, three-quarters of an inch taller than country folk. Much discussion has taken place in connection with the question at what age we cease to grow. M. Quetelet shows that in Belgium, at any rate, men not only grow between twenty and twenty-five years of age, but even on to thirty. Among nine hundred soldiers and recruits whom he measured, this was perceptibly the case, although the increase was, of course, but small. Dr. Knox, of Edinburgh, some time ago observed a similar fact; young men, leaving the university at twenty or twenty-two years of age, and returning seven or eight years afterward, had increased, not only in breadth but in height. The average height of conscripts, twenty years old, taken from the whole of France, for renewing the imperial armies, is found to be five feet three inches and a half. Were it not that the French are very accurate in these matters, one might almost doubt whether the average was so low. Only one French soldier in forty is above five feet eight high; many of them barely reach five feet. It is the opinion of army surgeons that the maintenance of large standing armies tends to lessen the average height of the population of a country, by various direct and indirect agencies. Mr. Cowell, one of the factory inspectors, some years ago measured as well as weighed many of the factory operatives at various ages; but as Lancashire milk-folk are very prone to wooden shoes of formidable thickness, and as it is not stated whether Mr. Cowell included or excluded these substantial understandings, it may be well to pass over this tabulation unnoticed. Young men in a good station in life are rather taller than those who have more privations to bear. Of eighty Cambridge students, between eighteen and twenty-three years of age, the average height was over five feet nine. It appears to be pretty certain, from the average of a large number of instances, that the height remains constant only from about the age of thirty to that of fifty; a slight average growth until the former limit, a slight average diminution after the latter. Among all the adults of all classes measured by M. Quetelet, he found that fully developed and well formed men varied from four feet ten to six feet two, with an average of five feet six; and fully developed and well formed women varied from four feet seven to five feet eight, with an average of about five feet two.

M. Virey says:—"Tall men are generally much more weak and slow than short men, for all exertions both of body and mind. If men of high stature are preferred, for their fine appearance, in the body-guard of princes, and in the service of eminent persons, they are certainly neither the most robust nor the most active; but they are docile, candid and naive, little prone to conspire for evil, and faithful even to the worst master. In war they are more fitted for defence than attack; whereas an impetuous and brusque action suits better for short and vivacious men. Tall men are mostly tame and insipid, like watery vegetables; insomuch that we seldom hear of a very tall man becoming a very great man. Little men manifest a character more firm and decided than those lofty and soft-bodied people, whom we can lead more easily both morally and physically." Let all little men rejoice at such an opinion as this, and especially at the following incident:—An empress of Germany, in the seventeenth century, to gratify a whim, caused all the giants and dwarfs in the empire to be brought to court. As it was feared that the giants would terrify the dwarfs, means were taken to keep the peace; but instead of this, the dwarfs teased, insulted and robbed the giants to such an extent, that the lengthy fellows complained with tears in their eyes, and sentinels had to be posted to protect the giants from the dwarfs.—*All the Year Round.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Domestic Tea Culture.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Dear Sir,—As tea is with us, of this country, a necessary luxury that we *never will* learn to live without, and as the best grades of the imported material have taken a flight up among the impossibilities for the million, let us argue the subject, and try if we cannot convince ourselves of the probability that we can grow, and cure, and drink our own teas; supplying ourselves with a commodity quite equal to anything ever afforded us by John Chinaman.

As there is nothing in the least tropical, in the constitutional economy of the tea plant, there can be no good argument, botanical or philosophical, urged against its acclimation and successful cultivation in any region where the common currant or the gooseberry bush will grow. It is probably not because the Chinaman's tea will not grow with us, that we have not tea growing in the United States, as common as blackberries, but because of the stubborn, popular *belief* that it will not.

How many other trees, plants, fruits and vegetables, have we in successful culture with us, against which we have heard the verdict just as positively pronounced? The list would be legion.

No tea is produced in China, within the tropics, for the reason that the Chinese Empire lies almost entirely north of the Tropic of Cancer. Very little good tea is grown by the Celestials south of the parallel of 32 degs. north latitude. But along the whole range of the Peling Mountains, at an altitude where the thermometrical range is considerably below that of Pennsylvania, vast quantities of very fine teas are produced. The quality of all teas grown north of the Hoang Ho is better; but the perfection of Chinese teas is achieved in Chin-Yang, the uttermost northeast limits of the empire, and north of the parallel of 40 degs., where Celestials freeze to death five months in the year. The best of the Japanese teas are produced in the Island of Jesso, lying wholly to the northward of 40 degs.

The perfection of the tea plant is dependent upon no arbitrary laws of soil or climate; there is no manner of mystery in its culture or the process of curing; seeds are easily enough procured, and will vegetate anywhere as readily as peas; and the only reason under heaven why China has so long monopolized the tea trade is the same that gives Lynn, Mass., the monopoly in the shoe business. Other towns can make boots and shoes just as well as Lynn can. But they say—"Go on, Lynn, and make shoes. We will make something else."

We have seen and studied the whole *modus operandi* of tea growing and curing in China, and have been something more than amused by the persistent experiments in other countries to prevent the plant from growing. The unnatural experiments made in the Botanical gardens in London, and the Congressional Propagating Garden in Washington, have done more towards putting back the period of general tea culture in England and the United States than all the natural obstacles in the world could do. The desultory experiments of Dr. Smith, of S. C., were, so far as they went, more satisfactory. We expect to see before many years have passed results a great deal more satisfactory; and the tea plant popularly domesticated in the United States. Verney.

Surface Manuring.

Mr. Bright, of Philadelphia, in a letter to the Gardener's Monthly, puts forth the following:

Manure, then, I say, chiefly upon the surface. Do not waste your manures by mixing them deeply with the soil. Plant shallow. Keep roots of all trees, plants and vines, as near the surface as possible. There are weighty reasons for the position assumed in the last sentence which I have not space now to enumerate. I say again, plant shallow. Let your soil be deep and dry, but plant near the surface. To farmers I would say, manure the surface as much as possible. Top-dress your grass, after mowing in July or August, under the burning summer sun; top-dress in the fall, before and during the autumn rains; manure the surface while the snow is on the ground. While the March winds blow, and while the April rains fall. Manure your grass instead of your corn and wheat, broadcast, at any time when you have manure and leisure, and I will guarantee that you will be abundantly satisfied with the result.

To fruit growers I would say, do not fill your soil with manure before you plant trees, grape-vines, &c. Plant in good natural soil, and manure from the surface, spring and fall, liberally and properly, and I will guarantee your success far greater than if you plant in holes and trenches filled with manure as the custom is. Surface manuring and mulching are the true doctrines. I am sure of it.

Adulteration.—The high price of lard has stimulated adulteration. By pouring water into melted lard and keeping it constantly agitated until it cools, some twenty or twenty-five per cent. of water will be mixed with it. To detect adulteration melt at boiling temperature; if there is no sediment, probably no starch or other substance is used to adulerate. Water is also mixed with butter, much salt aiding the process. Experiments in London show in different samples from 62.72 to 96.93 per cent. of butter, leaving 3.07 to 32.28 per cent. of combined salt and water, the largest proportion being within a fraction of one-third the weight in salt and water.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Chocolate Cakes.—Beat the whites of two eggs with a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar into a frothy cream, and the juice of half a lemon, and six ounces of finely-grated chocolate. Drop this mixture in spoonsful on a flat tin, and bake them slowly.

Confectioners' Icing.—To every egg beaten stiff allow four ounces of fine powdered loaf-sugar, powder as much gum-arabic as will lie on a shilling in a teaspoonful of rose water, or any other light-colored extract, or lemon juice. We prefer the latter, as it makes the icing more adhesive. Strain the eggs to remove the stringy substance in them, beat until they will remain on an inverted plate, and then stir in gradually the sugar, gum-arabic, and lemon juice; ice as already described. When the cake is to be ornamented with the icing in wreaths, dissolve gum-tragacanth, and stir a little in the frosting. Pick the gum clean, and wash it; allow a quarter of an ounce to a gill of boiling water, if wanted for immediate use; it takes some time to dissolve. The icing can be made into forms by moulding, or can be put on with a small syringe. The ornamental icing is not put on until the covering of the cake is nearly dry.

To Prepare Cake for Frosting.—Turn it upside down, if very large, on a whitewood board; dredge it all over with flour, let it remain on fifteen minutes, then wipe it off. This removes the grease, and makes the frosting adhere better; commence by pouring a quantity on the centre of the cake, dip a knife in cold water, smooth it down, and let it dry.

Virginia Corn Dodgers.—Take three pints of unsifted yellow corn-meal, one tablespoonful of lard, and one pint of milk; work all well together, and bake in cakes the size of the hand, and an inch thick. To be eaten hot, with butter, molasses, or both, as preferred.

Grinding Tea.—It has been discovered that by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhilarating fluid obtained is nearly doubled.

Uses of White of Eggs.—The white of eggs beaten up so as to destroy their structure, forms the *glaire* of the bookbinder, with which he gives the shining appearance to the newly bound books.

If any of my readers are desirous of renovating the appearance of some of their old library favorites, they may rub off the dirt and fly marks with a slightly damp cloth, and then rub the covers over with a small piece of rag dipped in glaire, and they will be surprised and pleased at the improvement in their appearance.

There is another employment of glaire which is even more useful in the household. When the fruit-preserving season comes on the difficulty of procuring skin or bladder for tying down the pots of jam is often experienced. If, however, a sheet of tough fibrous paper be taken, glaired on both sides and tied over the pot, it shrinks and tightens as it dries, and forms a layer quite as impervious as, and fully equal to, bladder, provided the preserves are kept, as they always should be, in a dry situation. Another use of glaire is worth remembering. It is the best antidote to the poisonous preparations of copper, lead, silver or mercury, as it forms insoluble compounds with these metals. On one occasion a well-known chemist was lecturing to his class on the preparations of mercury, when he accidentally took a draught of a solution of corrosive sublimate in mistake for water, fortunately a solution of white of egg was on the table, he instantly drank copiously of it, and thus prevented its deleterious action and saved his life.

The use of white of egg in clarifying is well known. A small quantity of glaire mixed with any turbid or thick solution coagulates when it is heated, and, entangling all the small particles that cause the turbidity, leave the liquid bright and clear as it boils up to the surface in the form of scum.

Whisked white of egg is often added to wines to clarify them. In this case the coagulation is caused by the spirit of the wine, and heat is not required. In all cases where eggs are employed for clarifying, the white only should be used, as the oil of the yolk interferes materially with the clearness of the liquid to be fined.

☞ A cue-rious thing. A billiard match.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 53, 1, 34, 21, 17, 38, 11, was a Queen of Ethiopia.
My 52, 30, 4, 52, 5, 10, 36, 15, was the High Priest of the Jews, A. D. 16.
My 8, 45, 14, 41, 35, was the son of Antipater.
My 28, 16, 51, 6, 33, 24, was a city of refuge given to the Jewish priests.
My 44, 23, 36, 1, 34, was the father of Lot.
My 12, 30, 2, 54, is a well-known fowl.
My 28, 36, 42, 12, 39, was a place near the foot of Mount Gilboa.
My 23, 49, 20, 53, 31, 10, 4, 18, was the grandson of Joshua.
My 6, 20, 37, is a kind of tree.
My 24, 47, 19, 27, 3, 29, 50, 32, is a place of defence.
My 5, 25, 3, 43, 46, 7, 22, 20, 48, is a kind of book, used for keeping paper and writing materials in.
My 40, 29, 34, 9, 25, 34, is one of the loyal governors.
My whole is an old proverb.

Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, a source of boundless wealth,
Has lain concealed for countless years,
Till Science touched it with its wand,
And lo! its wondrous power appears.
My second is of various kinds,
And used in various ways;
We find in some a wholesome food,
Some cheers us with its rays.

My whole, a speculation of eighteen sixty-four,
Will make princes of many, and beggars of more.

R. H. WALTER.

West Chester, Pa.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An Israelite.
A celebrated inventor.
A town in England.
An interjection.
A river in France.
A town in Ohio.
A forest tree.
An island in the Mediterranean.
A prince in the East.

The initials and finals form the names of two distinguished major-generals in the Union army.

EVA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an Arabic medicine.
My second is a sacred song.
My whole is a trader.

Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Riddle.

Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I yet deplore,
On the hoodwinked boy she called for aid
So fatal to her suit before.
At length, obedient to her call,
The little urchin came.
From earth he mounted into air,
And soon he cleared with dex'trous care
The bitter relics of her flame.

Now, by what title, and what name,
Shall I this youth address?
Cupid and he are not the same,
Though each may raise or quench a flame;
I'll thank you if you'll guess. C. J. Fox.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the circumference of the earth to be 25,000 miles, and a ball should begin to move on its surface 1,000 miles the first day, but should decrease its speed in such a geometrical proportion that it should accomplish, as near as possible, (however, without ever fully finishing) one complete revolution around the earth. What distance would it move the second day, and in what ratio would it decrease daily?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have three numbers in my mind, the first of which is five less than my last; the difference between my first and second is the same as the difference between my second and third—3. When added together, they sum up 41 minus my first. R. J. McBRIDE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Place 220 stakes in a straight line, 30 yards distant from each other. How far would a man travel in bringing each stake separately to a box situated 30 feet from the first stake? How long will he be in doing the work, supposing he travel at the rate of 3 miles per hour?

CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are gentlemen's love-letters so liable to go astray? Ans.—Because they are always *miss-directed.*

☞ When is a cigar like an old maid? Ans.—When there is no match for it.

☞ Why is a boat's capstan like "How do you do?" Ans.—Because it comes just after the bow (aft o' the bow.)

☞ Why are the dog-days like crystal snow-flakes? Ans.—Because they are all over in winter.

☞ When is a captain a hundred men? Ans.—When he *forms a company.*

☞ When is a soldier not a soldier? Ans.—When he is a-bed, (or any other man.)

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Candor, Sincerity, and Truth. CHARADE—Schuylkill, (School-hill.) RIDDLE—Madagascar. CHARADE—Grace, (race, acre, care, car, are, a.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, published Feb. 11th:—11th of May, at 7 hours, 48 min. and 16 sec. in the morning. David Wickersham and the author.